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LAZAMON AS AN ENGLISH POET

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THE great work known as Lazamon's *Brut* is not nearly so well known as it deserves to be among students of English poetry. The reasons for this are partly its great length—it runs to 32,241 half-lines—partly the fact that it is only available, in its entirety, in a single edition, the splendid one of Sir Frederick Madden, now more than eighty years old, and not always easy to come by, and lastly the apparent uncouthness and strangeness of the language.

And yet, and this should be said at once, the *Brut* is incomparably the greatest achievement in English poetry between the Anglo-Saxon period and Chaucer. For variety of interest, vigour, and spirit, Robert of Brunne, though greatly inferior to Lazamon in poetical quality, can alone be compared to him. The only other work in verse of approximately the same date as the *Brut*, and nearly equal to it in bulk, the *Ormulum*, is so notoriously devoid of those graces of diction and imagery which distinguish the *Brut*, that it is negligible as poetry, and whatever interest it may possess for the student of literature is confined to such as attaches to an unsuccessful metrical experiment. To borrow a phrase of Johnson's, "it cannot be read without reluctance." The metrical version of *Genesis and Exodus* which belongs to a later part of the thirteenth century, though redeemed from the dullness of a mere paraphrase by the occasional flashes of vividness and of genuine human feeling, can with difficulty be brought within the sphere of poetry.

The outstanding quality of Lazamon's work, and this is found on every page, almost in every line, is the essential poetical character of

the diction. We feel in reading the work, as we feel in reading Anglo-Saxon poetry, that it is the deliberate intention of the writer to be poetical, and to produce something which shall appeal to the imagination and the emotions. It is this consciousness that he is writing poetry, and not merely telling a story or enforcing a moral, that leads *Lazamon* to employ a diction which for the men of his time was deeply tinged with heroic and romantic associations, "words," as Dr. Johnson says, "refined from the grossness of domestic use." *Lazamon's* language is not merely the ancient speech of Englishmen, almost free, at least in the older text, from foreign elements, it is the language of their old poetry, as Madden well says, "at every moment reminding us of the splendid phraseology of Anglo-Saxon verse." *Lazamon* is thus in the true line of succession to the old poets of his land.

His vocabulary and his spirit are theirs. His poetry has its roots, not merely in the old literary tradition, but also, like this, in the essential genius of the race.

The intensity of feeling, the wealth of imagery, the tender humanity, the love of nature, the chivalrous and romantic spirit, which distinguish the poetry of *Lazamon* would give him a high place among the English poets of any age. His copious, varied, and picturesque vocabulary, so rich in association, and often so suggestive of mysterious beauty, gives his work a lasting value possessed by no other Middle-English poetry before Chaucer, disfigured as so much of this is by an unredeemed flatness, insipidity and matter-of-factness in thought and expression.

Our knowledge of *Lazamon* as a man is limited to what he himself tells us—that he was a priest, the son of one *Leovenath*, that he lived at *Ernley* (*Arley*) on the banks of the *Severn* hard by *Radstone*, at a noble church—the later text adds "with a good knight"; there he lived happily and "read his books," which may either mean that there he read divine service, or that there he studied. It occurred to him—he uses the Old English phrase used by King *Alfred*, "hit com him on mode"—and occupied his chief thought, that he would tell the noble deeds of the English, what they were called, and whence they came who first possessed the land. He enumerates the sources of his information—"the English book that *St. Bede* made," another in Latin which he appears to ascribe to *St. Albin* and *St. Augustin* "who brought baptism hither." Lastly, "a third book which a French clerk called *Wace*

made." The first-named authority is supposed to be the Anglo-Saxon translation of Bede's *History*. Regarding the identity of the second considerable doubt arises. St. Augustine died in 604, Albinus, Abbot of St. Peter's Canterbury, died in 732, so it is rather hard to understand how they can have collaborated, or which work of either can be meant. As Albinus is known to have contributed some of the material to Bede's *History*, and as the *Interrogatories* of Augustine are inserted in the first book of the *History*, Madden suggests that, by a confusion of ideas, Lazamon attributed the English version of the *History* to Bede, and the Latin original to Augustine and Albinus. But Lazamon's chief source is Wace's metrical Chronicle, the *Brut*, in Anglo-Norman, itself a translation and expansion of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Britonum*.

Madden says that it is "scarcely to be questioned" that for certain portions of his work which report legends or traditions not recorded either by Wace or Geoffrey, Lazamon was indebted to Welsh sources, probably both oral and written. For instance, in Vol. II. 597. 8-15,¹ we read concerning Caerleon :

Ah nauer seoððen Arður pider bæh : þa burh seoððe no ipæh
no nauere ne mæi : bi-twene þis and domes-dæi.
Summe bokes suggeð to iwisse : þat þa burh was biwucched.
And þat is wel isene : soð þat hit sunde.

Lazamon, though apparently merely a parish priest, and perhaps a private chaplain to the "good knight," is revealed by his work as a man of great cultivation, steeped in the old poetry of his countrymen, versed in its history and in the ancient traditions and legends, able to read Latin and French, and probably acquainted with Welsh.

Regarding the date of the composition of our poem some doubt exists. The palæographers put the date of the older MS. Caligula A. IX. at round about the year 1200. There are two hands, both belonging to the same period, the first going down to fol. 16^b, when another, larger, hand takes up the work, and continues to fol. 85^b, when the original hand starts again and continues for 2½ pages. Then the second hand starts once more, and continues to the end of the MS. The *Brut* occupies 192 leaves.

The second MS. Otho C. XIII is in the same hand throughout, and is considered to be about fifty years later than Caligula. The MS. was injured in the fire at Ashburnham House in 1734, con-

¹ The references are to volume, page and half-line in Madden's edition. The quotations are taken from the older text.

siderable portions were completely destroyed, and others gravely injured. Madden estimates the extent of this version at originally roughly 26,960 lines, of which 2370 are wholly lost, and 1000 more in an injured condition. The later version is more compressed than the other; the younger scribe has cut out many picturesque lines, and in others has omitted characteristic words and phrases, often replacing them by something more commonplace. This is partly due to his not always understanding the old language of his original, but partly also to his being a less poetically minded person. A careful comparison of the two versions leaves the impression that the scribe of O. had before him a MS. practically identical with C., and perhaps actually C. itself.

The poem must have been composed at a date very close to that at which the older text was written.

Madden draws attention to the reference in I. 123. 24—124.5, to the ruinous state of Leicester, destroyed in 1173. Secondly, in III. 286. 13—14, in reference to the payment of Peter's Pence the poet exclaims: "drihten wat hu longe: þeo laȝen scullen ilæste." Now in 1205 King John was resisting the Pope's demand for the collection of this money. Lastly, in Vol. I. 3. 7—8, Lagamon speaks of Wace presenting his book to Eleanor, "who *was* Queen of Henry the high King." The form of expression suggests that neither the King himself nor the Queen was still alive. Henry II had died in 1189, but Queen Eleanor survived until 1204. It seems, therefore, that the poem must have been composed between 1173 and 1204 or 1205.

Such briefly are the facts about the author, the two MSS., and the age of the poem. It is outside the scope of the present study to discuss the dialect of the texts, and the reader must be referred to Dr. Serjeantson's investigations into the "Dialects of the West Midlands in Middle English," *Review of English Studies*, Vol. III, Nos. for January, April, and July, 1927. Miss Serjeantson places text *Caligula* in N.W. Worcestershire, believing in fact that it fairly represents the dialect of the author and of Arley Regis, where, as he himself says, he lived and wrote.

Miss Serjeantson considers that the dialect of MS. Otho is that of the extreme north of Somersetshire, or the extreme south of Gloucestershire.

As regards the textual relation of the MSS., while, as has been said, the later O. is in many respects a close reproduction of the older C., allowance being made for the compressions and alterations hinted

at above, there are important differences in the vocabulary. In many instances O. substitutes a less archaic English word or phrase for that found in C., and sometimes uses a French word in place of the old English word of the older text. Thus a comparison of the vocabulary used respectively by the two texts throws valuable and interesting light upon the change in linguistic usage which had taken place during the fifty years which separates the MSS.¹

There remains the important question of the relation of the English poem to the Chronicle of Wace.

Lazamon's *Brut* is sometimes referred to as a translation of the Norman poem. This is true to the extent that, in the main, the episodes in the latter follow those in Wace's work, the names of persons, places, and weapons are usually faithfully preserved, though not infrequently the form of these is considerably modified; the general subject and order of the narrative are reproduced, and sometimes several lines on end are faithfully rendered. But the English poem is very far from being a line for line translation. The number of lines in Wace is 15,300, less than half that of Lazamon.

How is it that the "translation" is double the length of the original? The extra space is accounted for in two ways: first, by the numerous episodes and scenes which Lazamon introduces without any corresponding passages in Wace; secondly, by the innumerable touches, sometimes occupying only a few lines, with which he heightens the effect of Wace's rather bald narrative, touches that express human feeling, and reveal the sentiments and passions of the actors, which add picturesque descriptive details of an action—a fight, a carouse, the arming of a hero for battle, a sea voyage—or which show the poet's feeling for external nature.

Of the actual additions of episodes not dealt with by Wace at all, and consisting of anything from ten or twenty lines to ten or twenty pages of the printed text, Madden's list occupies about two pages of his Introduction. One of the finest of these original episodes is the splendid description of the hunting down of Childric, in which the fugitive king is compared to a fox pursued by hounds. This leads quite naturally to a highly spirited and inspiring account of a fox-hunt, so typically English in subject and feeling. See Vol. II. pp. 445-454.

We shall have occasion to quote some passages from this exciting

¹ See on this matter, *Studies in the Vocabulary of Lazamon's Brut*; I. *Points of Difference between the Earlier and Later Text*, by the present writer, in the *Language*, Journal of the Linguistic Society of America. In the Press.

chase later on. The whole episode is now, fortunately, easily accessible to the general reader in Mr. Hall's admirable little volume of *Selections from Lazamon's Brut*. Another passage which illustrates at once how Lazamon expands and embellishes the text of Wace, and the way in which he introduces new matter is the noble account of Arthur's death and passage to the Valley of Avalon. The comparative shortness of the episode allows me to quote both the French and the English versions.

Here is Wace's account—I quote from the only edition, that of Le Roux de Lincy, Rouen, 1838—the passage occurs in Vol. II, pp. 229-230.

Ocis fu Mordres en l'estor
Et de ses homes li pluisor
Et de la gent Artur la flor
Et li plus fort et li millor
Artus, se l'estore ne ment,
Fu navrés el cors mortelement ;
En Avalon se fist porter
Por ses plaies médiciner.
Encor i est, Breton l'atendent,
Si com il dient et entandent ;
De là vandra, encor puet vivre.
Maistre Gasse qui fist cest livre,
N'en valt plus dire de sa fin
Qu'en dist li profètes Merlin.
Merlins dist d'Artus, si ot droit
Que sa fin dotose seroit.
Li profete dit verité :
Tostans en a l'on puis doté
Et dotera, ce crois, tos dis,
Où il soit mors, où il soit vis.

From this slight material Lazamon makes the following :—

Arður wes for-wunded : wunder ane swiðe ;
þer to him com a cnaue : þe wes of his cunne ;
he wes Cadores sune : þe eorles of Cornwaile.
Constantin hehte þe cnaue : he wes þan kinge deore.
Arður him lokede on : þer he lai on folden,
and þas word seide : mid sorhfulle heorte—
Costætín þu art wilcume : þu weore Cadores sone,
ich þe bitache here : mine kineriche ;
and wite mine Bruttes : a to þines lifes,
and hald heom alle þa lazen : þa habbeoð istonden a mine dāzen,
and alle þa lazen gode : þa bi Vðeres dāzen stode.
And ich wulle uaren to Aualun : to uairest alre maidene,
to Argante þere quene : aluen swiðe sceone ;
& heo scal mine wunden : makien alle isunde,
al hal me makien : mid haleweize drenchen.
And seoðe ich cumen wulle : to mine kineriche,
and wunien mid Brutten : mid muchelere wunne.
Æfne þan worden : þer com of se wenden
þæt wes an sceort bat liðen ; sceouen mid vðen,
and twa wimnen þer inne : wunderliche idihte,
and heo nomen Arður anan : and aneouste hine uereden,

and softe hine adun leiden : and forð gunnen hine liðen
 þa wes hit iwurðen : þat Merlin seide whilen.
 þat weore unimete care : of Arðures forð-fare.
 Bruttes ileueð zete : þat he bon on liue,
 and wunnen in Aualun : mid fairest alre aluen
 and lokieð eueie Bruttes zete : whan Arður cumen liðe ;
 Nis nauer þe mon iboren : of nauer nane burde icoren
 þe cunne of þan soðe : of Arðure sugen mare (Vol. III. 143. 10—145. 20).

The essential kernel of the story in Wace is contained in the lines :

En Avalon se fist porter
 Por ses plaies mediciner.

Few will dispute the poetical value of Lazamon's expansions and additions—the speech of Arthur to his kinsman, part of which reminds us somewhat of Beowulf's last address to Wiglaf (Beow. 2813–16) ; the picturesque touch whereby Arthur himself announces the manner of his passing and his expected return ; the fair queen of the elves, and her healing drenches ; the little ship driven by the waves in which the king is laid gently down by the two women in wondrous attire. Finally, instead of the matter-of-fact humming and hawing of "Maistre Gasse," Lazamon contrives to create just such an atmosphere of wonder and mystery concerning the ultimate fate of Arthur as we find in the concluding lines of the account of the passing of Scyld :

Men ne cunnon
 secgan to soðe, sele rædende,
 hæleð under heofenum, hwa þæm hlæste onfeng (Beow. 50–2).

We may compare the French and English poems almost where we will, and we shall find, here a word or two inserted, there a few lines added in the latter, which enliven the narrative and make it more picturesque and interesting. In the first few lines of the poem the words *alðeodisc wif*, "a foreign woman," occur in reference to Helen (I. 4. 20), which are not suggested by anything in Wace ; a few lines further on, describing the voyage of Æneas to Italy, the English poet tells how

þa scipen foren wide : 3eon þare wintrede sæ.
 mid wolcnen and mid wedere : heo poleden wen-siðes (I. 5. 20–3).

"The ships travelled far and wide across the wintry sea; amid clouds and storms, they endured tribulations." There is nothing of this in Wace.

The story of King Lear and his daughters occupies in Wace about 413 lines on pp. 81–98 in Vol. I ; in Lazamon we have 810

half-lines on pp. 124-158 in Vol. I. In spite of some noble scenes in the earlier part of the story, the French poem records the coming of the old King to take refuge with Cordelia in cold, dry and very brief terms. In the English version the episode, though treated with dignity and restraint, is full of human interest and natural emotion. Whereas Wace (Vol. I, pp. 95-96) merely relates that on his arrival in France Lear sent a messenger to his daughter to announce his coming, and that the queen, very properly, supplied him with a castle to live in, clothes to wear, and other comforts, *Lazamon* tells us the words used by the envoy to the queen in some detail, adding the characteristic touch, that when she heard of her father's troubles, and that he had come to seek her, "long she sat silent, she flushed where she sat upon the bench, as it had been from wine"—

þe quene Cordoille : sæt longe swþe stille,
heo iward reod on hire benche : swilche hit were of wine scenche (I. 150. 6-9).

and how

alles vppe abrac : hit wes god þat heo spæc (*ibid.* 12-13).

"her thoughts burst forth altogether ; it was good that she spoke." Then she thanks Apollin that she hears such good tidings, that her father is alive and is come to her. Only then she sets about planning his comfort and arranges for splendid gifts to be sent him—"her dear father ; the things he likes best, food and drink, and fair garments, hounds and hawks and valuable horses, forty household retainers noble and powerful, and nobly clad ; make him a good bed, and bathe him often and let him blood, little and often," and so on (I, 151). In due time Lear arrives in excellent fettle, is nobly received by his son-in-law, kisses his daughter, and they all sit down to a feast amid general rejoicings, to the sound of trumpets and pipes, in the hall behung with purple and gold, while minstrels sing to the notes of fiddles and harps (I. 153-54). All this detail is pure *Lazamon*.

As a last example of the English poet's heightening of the colours of his original, we may take the quarrel, and reconciliation, through the intercession of their mother, of the brothers *Brennus* and *Belyn*.

Belyn the elder became king of Britain on the death of their father, King *Dunwal*, but had granted *Brennus* a part of his kingdom beyond the Humber to hold in vassallage. After a time *Brennus*, misled by evil councillors, rebelled against his brother, and attempted to seize the whole kingdom for himself, but was defeated and driven

overseas to Burgundy, where he was well received, and later on married the duke's daughter. On the death of his wife's father, Brennus succeeds him and makes an excellent king. But he remembers how his brother had deprived him of his former kingdom, and determines to attack Belyn in his own country. Having summoned his army, Brennus embarks, and subsequently lands in Britain. Belyn is informed of his brother's arrival, raises his forces, and marches against him. Everything is staged for the great battle, and now our episode opens (see *Laz.* I. 213, and *Wace*, I. p. 132). The old queen, mother of the rival kings, was still alive. She inquires where Brennus is to be found, and arrives just as he is putting on his armour. She runs to him and throwing her arms around him kisses him again and again. A moving speech follows, which up to a point is pretty closely rendered by *Lazamon* from *Wace*. The queen reminds Brennus that he and his brother are both her sons and have both been suckled at the same breast, that he is in the wrong in having broken his oath of fealty to Belyn, and implores him not to harry the land with foreign troops, but

Ah leoue sune Brennes : bei pi starke þonc
leie adun þin hære-scrud : & þin rede sceld,
and þi sper longe : & þi swerd stronge,
and ilef þire moder : and leoue þine broðer (*L.* 216. 7-14).

It is in the expansion of the next few lines that *Lazamon* shows his independence and originality. *Wace* reads (2863, p. 136, Vol. I.) :

Quant Brennes sa mère entendi
Pitié en ot, si la crei.
S'espee et puis son hiaume osta
Et de l'auberc se despoilla
Devant sa gent el camp sali,
Et Bélins refist altres.
Et la mère les assambla,
Entrebaissier les commanda,
Onques ni ot conte conté,
Dès qu'ele lor a commandé,
Si s'alèrent entrebrachier
Et dolcement entrebaier
Ensi fu li guerre accordée
Et l'ire des frères finee.

Lazamon starts off with a touch of nature not found in *Wace*:

Vren hire teares : ouer hire leores ;
Brennes þat iseh : and seorȝede on his heorte,
Let gliden his gare : þat hit grund sohte ;
he sæt his riche sceld : feor ut in þene feld,
awei he warp his gode breond : & of mid þere burne.
Brennes and his moder : mildeliche ferden
in ænne bradne feld : and Belin him toȝennes.

þa weop þe broðer : and swa dede þe oðer.
 þa spec þe moder : milde mid muþe—
 3it buð mine leoue sunen : liðeð to-somne,
 and iwurðeð sæhte : and euer on blisse.
 cusseð and cluppeð : cuðie meies.
 cnihtes 3it beoð boðe kene : while ich wes quene
 nis noht un-huhtlic : incker moder inc hateð.
 þer heo hom custen : þe weren kinges bearn
 bifeoren þa twam ferden : freondscipe makeden.
 bemen þer bleowen : blisse wes on folke (I. 216. 15—217. 24).

It will be felt, I think, that the English version transcends the French in picturesqueness and human interest. It is the sight of his mother's tears, not only her words, which moves Brennus. Then the action of letting his spear slip from his grasp, followed by the impulsive hurling of his shield far out into the field, is a true and natural touch.

Note also the effectiveness of the inverted word-order, and the almost colloquial idiom—"away he flung his good sword, and off with his corslet." Then there is a fitting formality in the adjournment of Brennus and his mother to a spacious field where the brothers meet, and a naturalness in their tears. The old queen's homely remarks as she thrusts her sons into each other's arms, "There! you are my own good boys again! your mother would not ask you to do what was unbecoming," put the final touch to the reconciliation as the brothers embrace before the armies; and then, in characteristic English fashion, horns are sounded, and a banquet is enjoyed to the sound of pipes and the song of minstrels—"Thus was Brennus reconciled with his brother":

þer weore segge (O. gleomenne) songe : þer were pipen imangge
 þa wes swa muchel murehðe : þat ne mihte heo beon na mare.
 þus iward Brennes : sæht wið his broðer (I. 218. 1-6).

There is no word of feast or song in Wace, who hustles the brothers off to London immediately they have made it up without giving them time for supper.

These few examples perhaps illustrate sufficiently the free way in which *Lazamon* deals with the text of Wace in those passages where he is actually following the French writer and not importing totally new episodes.

I pass now to examine more at large the qualities of *Lazamon* as a poet. It will be convenient to consider these under certain general heads, such as references to the phenomena of external Nature; reflexions on life, and on human nature; chivalrous ideas and ideals; descriptions of human actions, especially of battles,

voyages, hunting, rejoicings in the halls of princes; ceremonial and pageantry.

In many cases the illustrations will be drawn from portions of the work added by Lazamon, in others from the English poet's amplifications of a few lines or phrases in Wace. Where the suggestion for the passage quoted is to be found in Wace, this will be indicated; where no reference is made to the French poet, it may be assumed that the ideas expressed in the quotations are wholly due to Lazamon.

The love of external Nature is highly developed in Lazamon, as in the older English poets, and there is no mistaking his keen enjoyment of it. He constantly brings in references to the sea, waves, storms, mountains, rocks, woods, animals, with a specific intimacy usually altogether absent from the corresponding passage in the French text, if indeed there be any hint there at all of such matter. How delightful and full of gaiety are the lines on the coming of summer to town!—

þa weoren bliðe spelles : in Arðures hallen.
 þer wes hareping and song : þa weoren blissen imong,
 þa æstre wes agonge : & Aueril eode of tune,
 and þæt gras was riue : & þæt water wes liðe
 And men gan spillien : þæt Mai wes at tune (II. 593. 23—594. 9).

This is all based on two matter-of-fact lines in Wace :

En avril quant estre entra,
 En Angleterre trespasssa (II. 93. 2-3).

Simile is more freely used on the whole than in Anglo-Saxon poetry, and is invariably drawn from the objects or processes of Nature. There is a fine comparison of a surging host of fugitives to "a lofty wood when the wild wind shakes it violently" :

swa þe hæge wude
 þenne wind wode : weicð hine mid mæine (II. 421. 17-19).

Arthur rushing impetuously upon his enemies is compared to "the fleet wolf when he sallies from the wood, bedecked with snow, purposing to devour such beasts as he fancies" :

swa þe runie wulf
 þenne he cumeð of holte : bihonged mid snawe
 and þencheð to biten : swulc deor swa him likeð (II. 421. 5-9).

The speed with which a man leaps upon his horse is twice compared to that of a spark flashing from the fire :

Cador sprong to horse : swa spærc of fure (II. 478. 10-11).

He (Arthur) "sprong forð an stede : swa sparc deð of fure" (II. 565. 8-9). He pursues Childeric "neh alswa swiðe : swa þe fuzeð flieð" (II. 473. 2-3).

Hengest leaps to the fight "as though it were a lion" (II. 267. 1-2).

Arthur among his foemen is "like the wild boar when he finds many swine among the mast":

swa bið ðe wilde bar
penne he i þan mæste : monie (swin) imeteð (II. 469. 5-7).

Edwin becomes terribly enraged "as is a boar (at bay) in the wood when the hounds surround him" (III. 217. 4-8). Arrows fly "as thick as falls the snow" (III. 94. 14-15); or again, "as thick was their flight as though it were hail" (II. 100. 13-14). The hosts of Octa pour in at his summons "like hail that falls" (II. 183. 10-11).

The most elaborate simile in the whole poem is that in which Arthur, having brought Childeric to that point of desperation when he sends envoys to sue for peace, and to promise that he will trouble Arthur and his country no more, but will sail away, compares him to a hunted fox. "Then Arthur laughed loudly. Thanks be to the Lord who rules our destinies, that Childeric has had enough of my country. He hath divided up my land among his knights, forsooth, and thought to drive me out of my country, to make me contemptible and to have my kingdom, to have destroyed my kindred, and to condemn my people":

Ah of him bið iwurðen swa bið of þam voxe,
penne he bið baldest ufen an þan walde,
& hæuð his fulle ploze & fuzeles inoze.
for wildscape climbið and cluden isecheð,
i þan wilderne holzes him wurcheð.
fare wha swa auere fare : næuð he næuere nænne kare.
he weneð to beon of duzeðe : baldest alre deoren.
Penne siðeð him to : segges vnder beorzen
mid hornen mid hunden : mid hæzere stefenen.
hunten þar talieð : hundes þer galieð,
þene vox driveð : 3eond dales and 3eond dunes.
he ulihp to þan holme : and his hol isecheð.
i þan uirte sende : i þan holte wendeð.
penne is þe balde uox : blissen al bidæled,
and mon him to-delueð : on ælcere heluen ;
penne beoð þer forcuðest : deoren alre pruttest.
Swa wes Childeriche : þan strongen and þan riche
he pohten al mi kinelond setten an his ægere hond.
ah nu ich habbe hine idriuon to þan bare dæðe.
whæder swa ich wulle don : oðer slæn oðer ahon.

(II. 450 16-452. 23.)

There is no mistaking the gusto of all this. Lazamon had evidently assisted at many a hunt, had heard the view-halloo, and the music of hounds in full cry, and had seen the fox dug out. For the moment he is much more interested in the fox than in the fate of Childeric.

The entire episode from which this passage comes is one of the most spirited and interesting in the whole of Middle English poetry, with its extraordinary variety of incident, action, scene, mood, and sentiment. Among so much that is attractive I must only mention one more passage in the present connection, the remarkable lines in which Arthur depicts Baldulf, one of Childeric's companions, standing on a hill and gazing down into the waters of the Avon. "He sees how his dead knights are lying like great steel fish below the waters of the stream, no longer able to swim indeed, their scales are gleaming as it were gold-plated shields, and their fins afloat, as it were spears. Wondrous things indeed are seen in the land—such a deer upon the hill, such fish in the water!"

Jurstendæi wes Baldulf : cnihten alre baldest.
 nu he stant on hulle : and Auene he bi-haldeð,
 hu lizeð i þan stræme : stelene fisceas.
 mid sweorde bi-georede : heore sund is awemmed.
¹ heore scalen wleoteð : swulc gold-fage sceldes.
 þer fleoteð heore spiten : swulc hit spæren weoren.
 þis bið seolcuðe þing : isizen to þissen londe
 swulche deor an hulle : swulche fishes in walle (II. 471. 15—472. 6).

There is a fine passage in which Brutus is represented as contemplating with delight the beauties and attractions of Britain. The lines are a rendering of a passage in Wace (Vol. I. p. 60) which is little more than a cold impersonal enumeration of mountains, woods, streams, and so on, without any underlying feeling. Lazamon's version seems to be inspired by the warm personal attachment of an Englishman to the varied beauties and graces of the natural features of his native land, upon each of which he dwells with loving satisfaction. It is impossible not to feel that the poet is voicing his own emotions when he says :

Thus Brutus pondered, and beheld the people; he beheld the mountains fair and lofty; he beheld the meadows that were so broad; he beheld the waters and the wild deer; he beheld the fish, he beheld the birds; he beheld the pasture lands and lovely woods—he saw the woods how they flourished, he saw the corn how well it grew; he looked upon all the country, and it was dear to him in his heart (II. 85. 6—21).

¹ The expected order of "scales" and "shields," of "fins" and "spears" seems to be reversed here; the lines should perhaps be rendered—"their scales are gleaming—or can it be gilded shields? their fins are afloat—or are they spears?"

We have only to compare the English with the French original of this passage, to perceive at once the difference between the true poet and the conscientious writer of Chronicles.

Lazamon often enlivens his narrative, and makes it more real, by adding at least some particulars of the landscape amid which an action takes place. The detailed account of Loch Lomond, its sixty islands with their rocks and eagles, of the deep valleys which surround it, and the streams which flow into it (see II. 489. 11—491. 9), is translated pretty faithfully from Wace (II. p. 60), and is found also in Geoffrey of Monmouth (Bk. x. ch. 6). The English poet, however, has added some characteristic lines (II. 489. 11—20) :

þat is a seolcuð mere : iset a middelaerde
mid fenne & mid ræode : mid wætere swiðe bræde,
mid fiscen and mid feozelen : and mid uniuele þingen.
þat water is unimete brade : nikeres baðieð inne ;
þer is æluen ploze : in atteliche pole.

It is impossible not to think, on reading this, of the horrible pool in Beowulf, where Grendel and his mother had their habitation. Not only does the general eeriness of the place recall the Anglo-Saxon description, but some of the words and phrases used occur in this. With the opening words in Lazamon we may compare *Nis þæt heoru stow*, Beow. 1372 ; the second line reminds us of the *frecne fen-gelad*, B. 1359 ; with ¹ *uniuele þingen, nikeres baðien inne, þer is æluen ploze*, may be compared *wyrm-cynnes fela*, 1425, *sellice sæ-dracon sund cunnian*, *Swylce on næs-hleodum nicras licgean*, 1426—7, and the *nicras* in 1427. The word *attelice*, "dire, dreadful," is found in Beowulf 784—*atelic egesa*, referring to the horror which fell on the Danes on the battlements when they heard the "gryreleoð" of the stricken Grendel.

To the much longer description of the lake which Arthur gives to his kinsman Howel (II. 498. 16—502. 10 ; Wace, II. 64—67), Lazamon, speaking of a smaller lake at the end of the larger one, adds the statement, *ælfene hit dulfen* (II. 500. 9).

We seem to get down to the heart of wild life amid wild surroundings as the poet tells how, when Constantine landed at Totnes, "the Britons heard of it where they couched in pits, or lurked amid stocks and stones, hiding like badgers in woods and waste places, among heath and fern, so that one could hardly find a Briton, except it were fast enclosed in a castle or stronghold. But when

¹ The phrase *wiht unhalo* applied to Grendel in Beow. 120 is perhaps for *unfalo*, which makes better sense, as the monster, though distinctly "evil" and "uncanny," was not particularly "unhealthy" !

they heard that Constantine was in their country, then there came forth from the mountains many thousand men; they leaped from the woods like deer, and marched on London. Many hundred thousand pressed forward, by road, or through forests. And brave women donned men's clothes and rallied to the army" (II. 110. 18—111. 17).

We may conclude our account of Lazamon's treatment of scenery with his description of Caerleon and its surroundings before its destruction:

In those days men deemed there was no city so fair, or so widely famed, as Caerleon by Usk, unless it were the famous city of Rome. Indeed there were many who said that Caerleon was a more splendid city than Rome, and that Usk was the fairest of all rivers:

Medewes þer weoren brade : bihalues þere burzhe
þer wes fisc þer wes fuþel : & fæiernesne inoþe.
þer wes wude and wilde deor : wunder ane monie
þer wes al þa murhðe : þe æi mon mihte of þenche (II. 596. 12—597. 7).

See the rest of the passage, referring to the subsequent decay of the city, on p. 3 above.

Lazamon shows the same interest in wild animals, and beasts of the chase, as is found in Anglo-Saxon literature—see examples in several passages already quoted—and the characteristic Nordic love of "hundes and haukes : and derewurðe horses" (I. 151. 17—18). A very English touch reveals the knights' care for their chargers before a battle—"heo wipeden hors leoue : mid linnene claðe ; here steden heo scoiden" (II. 512. 20—22). A most engaging passage tells how a body of knights before an attack, rested for the night in "a wood, an exceeding fair spot, in a deep valley, secluded on all sides. And when the dawn came and the deer began to stir, they rode forth singing, so blithe were they" (III. 72. 9—18). We have here no mere literary flourish, but a genuine delight in the life of the woods.

There is a beautiful little picture of a hunted "crane," or more probably a heron, to which the Saxon host, routed and scattered by Arthur, is compared:

Some wandered hither and thither as doth the wild heron over the moor-fen when he can no longer fly strongly, and the fleet hawks are after him, while the fierce hounds are waiting for him in the reeds. He can find refuge neither on land or water, for the hawks will strike, and the hounds will seize him. Then the royal bird is doomed whichever way he takes (II. 422. 21—423. 9).

When the Trojans land in France the first clash of arms comes because their chief Corineus insists, in spite of the prohibition of the King of Poitou, on hunting in the royal forest. The scene, which is very briefly described in Wace (I. 40-41), is much amplified by Lazamon, chiefly in order to give more details of the hunt and its disastrous close :

Corineus wes ifaren to wode : and draf þer þa wilde deor,
mid hornen and mid hunden : and mid fif hundred cnihten (I. 60. 24-61. 3).

Numbert (Humbert in Wace), the king's envoy, goes out to meet them and calls with a loud voice :

Whonene beo 3e cnihtes : 3e fareð mid unrihte
3e huntieð i þes kinges friðe : þer fore 3e sculen beon fæie.

forboden hi hæueð his deor frið : þer fore 3e sculen liggeren stif (61. 14-15).

Corineus is much enraged and declares his determination to "take the king's harts and hinds and all the deer that I find" (62. 3-4). Numbert thereupon shoots an arrow at Corineus, who wards it off, leaps upon the steward "like a lion" and breaks his head with his own bow, "so that his blood and brains were dashed out" (62. 5-24). With the hostilities which very naturally ensued we are not now concerned.

Leaving the treatment of landscape and animated nature, we may now pass to the sea and journeys upon it. Apart from casual references to this or that person going to, or coming from, the sea, it is solely in connection with voyages that Lazamon mentions the ocean. As a dweller in an inland county he may well have had no first-hand knowledge of the sea, though he apparently knew something of the art of sailing.

Perhaps the most elaborate description of a sea voyage is that of Ursula, daughter of Athionard, "lord of this land," whose father

pohte heo to sende : ouer sæ stræmes
in to Bruttaine londe : to Conaan þan stronge (II. 73. 11-14).

The plan, however, miscarried owing to a dreadful storm which arose after the ships got out of the Thames. An account of the journey is given in Wace, I. p. 285, but, as usual, the most picturesque and moving lines in our version are additions by Lazamon :

þa þe ðæi wes icumen : þe Adionard hafde inumen
þat forð scolde uaren : þat mæiden Vresele.
þa hafden to iwiten : seouen & twenti scepen,
al heo weoren isunde : i þere burh of Lunden,
Inne þere Temese : heo teuhten heore seiles.
wind heo hafden wunsun : weder mid þan bezsten,

& heo seileden forð : þat inne sæ heo comen.
 þa vmbe stunde : ne sæge heo noht of londe.
 þa aras heom a wind : a pere wiðer side,
 swurken vnder sunnen : sweorte weolcnen,
 hæzel and ræin þer aras : þe hit iseh him agras ;
 vðen þer urnen ; tunes swulche burnen
 bordes þer breken : vimmen gunnen wepen ;
 þa scipen þa urnen bi-uoren : twelue þer weoren for-loren.
 þa oðere weoren al to-driuen : & forð mid þere sæ iliðen.
 ner þer na steores-mon : þat æuere aht cupe peron ;
 nes næuere na mon iboren : ne of nane lond icoren,
 þe hæleð weore swa stærce : ne swa hærd i-heorted,
 þe iherde þesne weop : and þisne wunderliche ræm,
 & cleopen to þan halhzen : mid hæhzere steuene,
 þat his heorte neore særi : for þan vrimete sorhzen.
 Seoððen þis world wes astald : & monnen an honde isælde,
 ne com nauere wurse hap : to nane wummannen.
 Summe þe scipen wunden : forð mid þan wederen,
 fulle fiftene : i þan ane wes Oriene.
 þe sæ wes wunder ane wod : and laðliche iwraððed,
 & þa scipen (walkeden) i þere wildere sæ
 æuere norð forð riht : þreo dæies & þreo niht (II. 74. 1.—76. 9).

The comparison of the tumultuous waves to burning towns is remarkable and original. The poet probably has in his mind the flying clouds of spray which he sees as resembling great volumes of drifting smoke. The same simile is found in I. 195. 12-13. It is a characteristic human touch, of which there are so many in Laza-mon, to refer to the strange cry of terror and appeal which no man born could hear, no matter how hard-hearted, or how stout a warrior he might be, without compassion for such immense calamity.

Of quite a different kind was the voyage of the treacherous Childeric whom Arthur, having defeated him, allows to depart on the understanding that he will return to his own country and give no more trouble :

Forð heo gunnen siȝen : þat heo to sæ comen
 þer heore scipen gode : bi þere sæ stoden.
 Wind stod on wille : weder swiðe murie.
 he scufen from þan stronde : scipen grete and longe ;
 þat lond heo al bilæfden : and liðen after vðen,
 þat nænne siht of londe : iseon heo ne mahten.
 Ðat water wes stille : after heore iwille ;
 he letten to-somme : sæiles gliden ;
 bord wið borden : beornes ðer spileden,
 seiden þat heo wolden : eft to pissen londe
 & wreken wurdliche : heore wine-mæies (II. 454. 16-55. 14).

Voyages, when the weather was favourable, were sometimes beguiled by the songs of minstrels or gleemen, just as nowadays the gramophone or the wireless accompanies some voyagers as an indispensable addition to the shortest trip by water.

Here is a description of a voyage made by King Arthur :

Weder stod on wille : wind wex an honde ;
 ankeres heo up drogen : drem wes on uolken.
 Wunden into widen sæ : þeines wunder bliðe.
 scipen þer forð þrunge : gleomen þer sungen.
 seiles þer tuhten : rapes þer rehhton ;
 wederen alre selest : and þa sæ sueuede.
 For þere softnesse : Arður gon to slæpen (III. 12. 19.—13. 9).

Again, a very similar journey of Cadwalan :

wind heom com on wille : heo wunden up seiles to coppe ;
 scipen gunnun liðen : leod-scoptes sungen.
 Ba weoren sehte : sæ & þa sunne,
 wind and þa wide se : ba eke isome,
 flod ferede þa scipen : scoptes þer sungen.
 At Ridelet he com alond : þer wes blisse and mucche song.
 (III. 229. 9—20).

As might be expected from so spirited and romantic a poet, *Lazamon* handles the whole subject of war, and every aspect of martial action, with peculiar vigour and picturesqueness. From the arming and equipping of his hero to the final victorious rush which scatters the enemy, no detail is missing that can lend colour or majesty to the principal characters, and bring into relief their valour, their bodily strength, and their greatness of soul. The speeches of the leaders are inspiring, and we watch with growing excitement each cut and thrust and parry in the fight itself. The scene is splendidly staged, often amid romantic surroundings, and the action is carried through in true heroic manner. *Lazamon* visualizes a scene and a situation, and often records the impressions of the actors in the drama with a glowing imagination and a sense of the picturesque that are quite beyond *Wace*. A good example of this is the sudden discovery by the Roman army of King Arthur's host ready to give battle :

The Roman people saw all the valleys, all the uplands, all the hills, dotted with helmets ; they saw the lofty banners fluttering in the wind—sixty thousand warriors bore them—they saw the shields flash and the corslets gleam, the gold-embroidered cloaks, the stern men and the prancing horses. The very earth shook. The Emperor marked the king where he was encamped by the wood-shaw.

isezen alle þa dales : alle þa dunes,
 alle þa hullas : mid helmes biþahte,
 hez here-mærken : hæleðas heom heolden,
 sixti þusend : þrauwen mid winde ;
 sceldes bliken : burnen scinen
 palles gold-faze : gumen wiðe sturne ;
 steden lepen : stureda þa eorðe.
 þe keiser isah þæne king fare : þer he was bi wude scaze.
 (III. 90. 6—21.)

As in ancient heroic poetry, the arms of the hero, and the ceremony of putting them on before some momentous fight, are described with some minuteness. There are two elaborate descriptions of the arming of Arthur, the first occasion being before the fight against the Saxons at Bath, the second before Arthur's single combat with King Frolle of France. In the first of these *Lazamon* follows *Wace* pretty closely, but adds certain important details. Perhaps the most significant is the statement that his corslet had been made by a cunning "elvish" smith:

he dude on his burne : ibroiden of stele,
 þe makede on aluisc smið : mid aðelen his crafte ;
 he wes ihaten Wijgar : þe witeȝe wurhte (II. 463. 13-18).

With this compare *Beowulf's* allusion to his corslet :

Onsend Hygelace ȝif mec hild nime
 beadu-scruda betst, þæt mine breost wereð
 hrægla selest ; þæt is Hrædlan laf,
 Welandes geweorc (*Beow.* 452-55).

Also the reference to *Beowulf's* "white helmet, adorned with gems, and girt with a coronet" :

swa hine fyrn-dagum
 worhte wæpna smið (*Beow.* 1451-2).

Apart from the sword, *Calibeorne* "Excalibur" (*Caliburne* in *O. Laȝ.* II. 463. 21, which *Wace* here calls *Calabrum* (Vol. II. p. 51, l. 5914)), the names of the various pieces of armour are not given by *Wace*. In *Lazamon* they are : *Goswiht* the helmet (II. 464. 8) ; *Pridwen* the shield (464. 13) ; *Ron* the spear (*ib.* 19). These names are all in Geoffrey of Monmouth, ix. 4. *Lazamon* follows *Wace* in saying that *Caliburne* was made in Avalun. The whole passage in *Lazamon*, II. 463. 13-46-464. 20, should be compared with *Beow.* 1441-1464. We may note that just as *Beowulf's* armour as a whole is called his *eorl-gewædum*, 1442, so *Lazamon* refers to Arthur having *al his iweden*, p. 464. 20, and king Frolle speaks of his armour as *cnihtes iwede*, II. 573. 18. *Cniht* is the frequent and regular equivalent in *Lazamon* for the older *eorl*, a word which, however, is also used by the later poet.

The arming of Arthur for his fight with Frolle is given with minute and splendid detail, and the account seems to be entirely *Lazamon's* own. *Wace's* story of the combat is in vol. II. pp. 85-89, and differs so much in treatment from that of *Lazamon* that it is

very difficult to compare them. Here is his description of the process of arming :

Arthur the strong took his weapons in hand, he threw upon his back a very costly robe, a linen shirt, and a purple tunic ; a precious corselet woven of steel. He set upon his head a good helmet ; at his side he hung his sword Caliburne ; he covered his legs with hose of steel, and put upon his feet his right good spurs. The king in his armour (weden) leapt upon his steed, and they reached him a good shield entirely made of ivory. Into his hand they gave a strong shaft at the end of which was a serviceable spearhead. This was made at Carmarthen by a smith called Griffen—Uther had owned it who was king here formerly. When he was armed the brave king rode forth, and those present could see the mighty king and how gallantly he rode. Since the world was established, nowhere was it told that ever so fair a man went out upon a horse as was King Arthur the son of Uther. Behind the king there rode forty hundred valiant warriors in the first troop, noble captains in steel armour, gallant Britons busy with their weapons (II. 575. 19—577. 20).

There are numerous examples of leaders rallying and urging on their followers in battle—both brief cries of encouragement under stress of battle, and of more formal utterances :

Whær beo 3e mine cnihtes, whær beo 3e mine kempen
Whær beo 3e mine leoue men ? (I. 190. 8—10).

Whar beo 3e mine cnihtes ohte men and wihte
to horse, to horse, haleðes gode ! (II. 462. 3—6).

þa cleopede Arður aðelest kinge,
Nu heom to ! nu heom to ! (II. 468. 10—12).

This reminds us of the apocryphal "Up guards and at 'em."

Whar beo 3e mine Bruttes ; balde mine þaines ?
þe dæi him forð 3eongeð : þis folc us a3ein stondeð
lette we heom to gliden : scærpe gares ino3e
& techen heom to ride : þene wæi touward Rome.
(II. 564. 22—565. 5.)

we wulluð makien muchel fæht
& driuen heom of londe : oðer heom adun fallen
oðer we seoluen : of-sla3en wulleð ligger
& leten hæðene uolc : bruken hit mid winne (II. 185. 15—22).

Here is Uther's speech of incitement against the Saxons :

Wær beo 3e Bruttes : balde mine þeines,
nu is icumen þe ilke dæi : þe drihten us helpen mai,
þat octa scal ifinden : þat he þrættede me to binden.
Iþencheð on eoure aldren : hu gode heo weoren to fehten,
iþencheð þene wurðscipe : þe ich eou habbe biwiten ;
ne læten 3e næwere þas hæðene : bruken eoure hames,
þas ilke iwedde hundes walden eouwere londes

Nu fuses heom to swiðe : fulate eou drihten (II. 395. 20—396. 21).

Thus Arthur cheered on his troops before the first battle against Childeric :

þa cleopede Arður : ludere stæfne ;
 Lou war her bi foren us : heðene hundes
 þe sloȝen ure alderen : mid luðere craften ;
 and heo us beoð on londe : læðest alre þinge.
 Nu fusen we hom to : and stærcli heom leggen on,
 & wræken wunderliche : ure cun and ure riche,
 & wreken þene mucche scome : þat heo us iscend habbeoð
 þat heo ouer uðen : comen to Derte-muðen (II. 465. 7-22).

A few examples of Arthur's personal prowess in battle must suffice :

And Arður him seolf arnde bi foren al his ferde,
 Arður þe ræie : Ron nom an his honde ;
 he stræhte scaft stærne : stiðimoden king
 his hors he lette irnen : þa ðe eorðe dunede
 sceld he braid on breosten : þe king wes abolȝen.
 He smat Borel þene eorl : þurh ut þa breosten
 þat þæ heorte to-čan (II. 467. 15-468. 4).

To such purpose does Arthur lay about him that he drives the enemy "to the flood," where twenty-five hundred are slain, and "Avon's stream is all bridged with steel" (II. 469. 14-17)—that is, with the bodies of men in armour.

Arður igrap his sweord riht : & he smat ænne Sexisc cniht
 þat þe sweord þat wes swa god : æt þan to þen at-stod,
 & he smat enne oþer : þa wes þas cnihtes broðer,
 þat his helm and his hæfd : halden to grunde ;
 þenne pridde dunt he sone ȝaf : and enne cniht atwa clæf (II. 474. 4-13).

No wonder that, as the poet adds, "then were the Britons exceedingly encouraged, and laid on to the Saxons" :

His brode swærd he up ahof : and hærdliche adun sloh,
 and smat Colgrimes þat hælme : þat he amidde to-clæf,
 and þere burne hod : þat hit at þe breoste at-stod (II. 475. 17-22).

And he sweinde touward Baldulfe : mid his swiðren honde
 & swipte þat hæued of : forð mid þan helme (II. 475. 23-476. 3).

To turn from the exploits of individuals to the turmoil of general battle, there is no lack of dash and vigour in the onslaughts described in the poem. High courage and endurance in the fight are displayed by high and low alike :

þa wes æuer ælc cheorl : al swa bald alse an eorl,
 & alle þa gadelinges : alse heo weoren sunen kinges (II. 90. 3-6).

This is exactly in the same spirit as Scott's lines in *Marmion*, C. 6. xxxiv.

Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
 As fearlessly and well.

In the various battles described by *Lazamon* we find the same sort of detail as in the Anglo-Saxon poets: the mad rush of the opposing forces, the clash of sword with sword, the ringing of sword and spear against shield and helmet, the splintering of lances, the thunder of horses' hoofs, which shakes the earth and makes the welkin ring, the blare of trumpets, the hail of arrows, the fall of doomed men, the cries of agony and of triumph. The grey wolf howling over the stricken field, and the eagles and ravens eager for their prey, which play so large a part in the battle scenes of the older poets, are absent from *Lazamon*. On the other hand, we have here streets and streams running with blood, which, I think, do not figure in Anglo-Saxon battle poetry. Here are some typical passages from *Lazamon*:

Heo liðede togadere : mid heore speren longe,
mid axen mid sweorden ; mid særepe speres orde
hardliche heo heowen : hælmæs þer gollen,
feondliche heo feohten hæfdes þer feollen (I. 319. 12-20).

þe eorles gunnen riden : & spureden heore steden,
he sæken on heore honden : speren swið stronge (III. 53. 1-4).

Up leoppen of scipe : wode scalces,
beren to londe : halmes and burnen,
mid speres and mid sceldes : heo wrigen al þa feldes (II. 437. 12-17).

heowen hardliche : helmes gullen,
falwede feldes : of feie blode
& þa heðene saulen helle isohten (II. 345. 18-23).

urnen inne strete : stremes of blode
fazeden þa feldes : and þat gras falwede (I. 263. 16-19).

þa gon þat folc sturien : þa eorðe gon to dunien,
bemen þer bleowen : bonneden ferdan,
hornes þer aqueðen mid hæhzere stefnen ;
sixti þusende : segges mid horne
þa wolcne gon to dunien : þa eorðe gon to biuien.
To-somme heo heolden : swulc heouene wolde uallen.

stanes heo letten seoððen : sturnliche winden ;
seoððen speren chrakeden : sceldes brastleden,
helmes to-helden : heze men uellen.
burnen to-breken : blod utgeoten ;
feldes falewe wurden : feollen here-mærken.
Wandrede zeond þa wald : iwundede cnihtes oueral,
sixti hundred þar weoren : to-tredene mid horsen.
beornes swelten : blodas at urnen,
stræhten after stretes : blodie stremes ;
balu wes on uolke : þe burst wes unimete (III. 93. 21-95. 11).

After one battle we are told how "gilded shields lay scattered about the fields." (III. 62. 19-20). In another, after the usual hewing of lofty helmets, clashing of shields and splitting

of burnies—"warriors fell, saddles were emptied. There was a cry among the host, the earth resounded, the brooks ran red with blood; men fell, their faces grown pale in death. Thus they fought (literally 'dealt') the whole day long, right up to the evening" (III. 220. 19—221. 8.) So it goes on, in fight after fight, generally with some new touch in each. But the above are representative of the type.

I now turn to consider as briefly as possible the manners and customs of the halls of princes as exhibited by Laȝamon. These bear a striking resemblance to those depicted in *Beowulf*. There can, I think, be little doubt that the ancient habits survived in the castles of the great, and that Laȝamon, although he may trick out his descriptions with literary graces derived from our oldest poetry, has yet given a first-hand picture of manners as he actually saw them in the early times of English chivalry.

The proper course, when a body of men come from another country into a king's territory, is for their leader to introduce himself to the king of the country, and to tell his name, his lineage, and the nature of his errand.

When Gurgiant, King of Britain, found "on the sea flood," near his coasts, thirty good ships filled with men and women, and many kinds of weapons, he naturally wondered who they were and what they sought, and sent to inquire.

The lord of all of them answered :

We beoð sæ-werige men : mid wedere bi-driuen.
Ich hatte Pantolaus : and þu art læuerd ouer us ;
we beoð a þine londe bi-cumen : þine lagen we bi-luuieð,
and us alle þu miht walden : after þine iwille (I. 265. 1-8).

Carais, a Briton of rather dubious character, is perfectly acquainted with the way to behave in a strange country. He goes to Rome under pretext of being sent by his own king, and forthwith greets the Emperor :

Hæil seo þu Cyrian (II. 12. 25).

For ich æm ennes cnihtes sune : and cun ich habbe iwide,
haueð mi fader bi þære sæ : castel swiþe sæle,
& cnihtes inowe, & men unifoȝe (II. 14. 1-6).

When the Saxons arrive in Britain, King Vortiger is told that men have come from over the seas and are in the Thames—"the fairest men who ever came here." The king sends to inquire who they are and if they are disposed to have his peace and friendship.

As the reply is favourable the leaders are brought before the king, who at once exclaims :

An alle mine ilíue : þe ich ilíued habbe,
bi dæie no bi nihtes : ne sæh ich nauere ær æwulche cnihtes
for eower cumen ich æm bliðe (II. 153. 24—154. 4).

After other compliments, Hengest says :

Lust me nu lauerd king : ich þe wulle cuðen
what cnihtes we beoð : and whanene icumen seoð.
Ich hatte Hengest : Hors is min broðer
we beoð of Alemainne : aðelest alre londe (II. 154. 16—23).

When Hengest comes before the British king, and persuades him to grant him some private speech, the latter displays the greatest courtesy towards his guest :

þan kinge he eode to-foren : & feire hine gon greten ;
þe king sone up stod : and sætte hine bi him seoluen ;
heo drunken heo dremden : blisse wes among heom (II. 164. 15—20)

We find very close parallels to these challenges and greetings in Beowulf.

Hwæt syndon ge searo-habbendra
byrnum werede þe þus brontne ceol
ofer lagu-stræte lædan cwomon
hider ofer holmas (B. 237—40)

says the coastguard to Beowulf and his companions. He also compliments Beowulf on his smart appearance :

Næfre ic maran geseah
eorla ofer eorþan, ðonne is eower sum,
secg on searwum ; nis þæt seld-guma
wæpnum geweorðað, næfre him his wlite leoge
ænlic an-syn (B. 247—51).

Beowulf's answer is unambiguous and satisfactory :—

We synt gum-cynnes geata leode
ond Higelaces heorð-geneatas.
Wæs min fæder folcum gecyþed,
æðele ord-fruma Ecgþeow haten ;
gebad wintra worn, ær he on weg hwurfe
gamol of geardum ; hine gearwe geman
witena wel-hwylc wide geond eorþan.
We purh holdne hige hlaford pinne,
sunu Healfdenes, secean cwomon (B. 260—68).

The troop of " sea-weary " men (sæ-meþe) are allowed to proceed, and reaching Hrothgar's hall, are again challenged by the sentinel, who is also impressed by their bearing (B. 333—39). Beowulf again tells his name and his errand (B. 340—47), and is invited into

the presence of the king, whom he greets with almost the same formula as that used by Carais in the lines cited above: "Wæs þu Hroðgar hal! Ic eom Higelaces mæg & mago-þegn," and so on (B. 407., etc.). King Hrothgar makes a long speech of welcome, and ends by bidding Beowulf sit down at the feast and enjoy himself B. 489-90.

The various royal banquets described in Laȝamon strongly resemble those in Hrothgar's hall.

The British king invites Hengest to a feast, and at the proper time, the king enters his hall:

He wende into halle and his heleðes mid him alle
bemen heo bleowen : gonnen men gumen cleopien,
bord he hettan bredan : cnihtes settan þerto ;
heo æten heo drunken : dræm wes i burghen ;
þa þe dugeðe hafde iȝeten : þa wes heom þa bet iloten (II. 173. 8-17)

Hengest goes to the apartments of his daughter Rowena, and having seen to it that she is splendidly clothed, he introduces the princess into the hall:

Heo bar an hire honde : ane guldenne bolle
i-uulled mid wine ; þe wes wunder ane god.
Hæȝe iboren men : heo lædden to hallen ;
biuoren þan kinge : farrest alre þinge.
Reowen sæt a cneowe and cleopede to þan kinge (174. 3-12).

The detail of the Saxon princess kneeling before the British king is unlike anything in Beowulf, where the hero stands before the king's shoulder in addressing him. Rowena initiates the British king into the ritual of *wæsheil* and *drincheil*, and the account is both interesting and picturesque.

She called to the king, for the first time in the land of the English, Lord King wæs hæil, I am glad of thy coming. And the king heard this, and knew not what she said; King Vortiger inquired of his knights what that speech might be that the maiden uttered. Then answered Keredic a noble knight, he was the best interpreter that ever came here, harken to me now Lord King, and I will make known to thee what saith Rowena, fairest of women. It is customary in the land of the Saxons, wheresoever men make merry in carousal, that friend saith to friend, with fair and courteous gesture, "dear friend wassail"; then the other saith "drink hail!" The same one who holds the cup, he drinks it up. Then another goblet they bring thither, and he hands it to his companion. And when the cup is brought, then they kiss three times. Such be the pleasant customs in Saxe-land, and in Germany it is accounted noble. This heard Vortiger, a wily man he was, and he said in British, for he knew no English, "Maiden Rowena, now drink blithely." The maid drank

up the wine, and had some more put in the cup, and gave it to the king, and kissed him thrice. And through this same people the laws of wassail and drink hail came to this land, and many a man thereof is fain (II. 174. 12—176. 15).

This scene, in which the lady carries the cup of wine to the king, is evidently of the same kind as the ceremonial bearing of the cup, or "ful," a word used both in *Lazamon* and *Beowulf*, not only to the king, but to the guests, by the queen in *Beowulf* :

Eode Wealhþeow forð
cwen Hroðgares, cynna gemyndig
grette gold-hroden guman on healle ;
ond þa freolic wif ful gesealde
ærest East-Dena eþel-wearde
bæd hine bliðne æt þære beorþege
leodum leofne ; he on lust geþeah
symbol ond sele-ful, sige-rof kynig.
Ymb-eode þa ides Helminga
duguþe ond geoguþe dæl æghwylcne
sinc-fato sealde, oþ þæt sæl alamp
þæt hio Beowulfe, beaƷ-hroden Cwen
mode gefungen, medo-ful ætbær (B. 612-24).

þa cwom Wealhþeo forð
gan under gyldeþum beage (1162-3).

spræc þa ides Scyldinga :
Onfoh þissum fulle, freo-drihten min
sinces brytta (1768-70).

See also the bearing round of cups by Hygd the wife of Hygelac, and her kinswoman Freawaru in *Beow.* 2016-24.

At a later date Rowena contrives to put poison in the cup one day before handing it to King Vortimer. She went to a barrel, where the king kept his best wine :

nom heo ond honde : ane bolle of ræde golde
and heo gan scenchen : on þas kinges benche,
þa heo isæh hire time : heo fulde hir scale of wine,
& at-foren al þan dringe : heo eode to þan kinge,
& þus hailede him on : þe swicfulle wimman,
Lauerd king wæshail (II. 202. 5-15).

The act of poisoning does not concern us here.

A third picture is given by *Lazamon* of both a king and a queen attending to their guests in the hall :

þe king him gon to þeinen : mid alle his here-cnihten
þæ quene bar to dringen : and alle hire bur-lutlen (III. 236. 21-237. 1).

There is also mention of "Galarne þat meiden," who

com hire Ʒeongen : bolle heo hæfde an honden
þer mide heo bar to dringen (237. 4-7).

Frequent reference is made in *Beowulf* to the revelry in the hall, and to the song of the minstrel.

Scop hwilum sang
hader on Heorote ; þær wæs hæleða dream (495-6).

Ðær wæs hælepa hleahtor, hlyn swynsode
word wæron wynsume (611-12).

One of the sorrows of the monster Grendel, dwelling without in the darkness, was

þæt he dogora gehwam dream gehyrde
hludne in healle ; þær wæs hearpan sweg,
swutol sang scopes (88-90).

Bugon þa to bence blæd-agande
medu-ful manig ; magas waran
swið-higende on sela þam hean
Hroðgar ond Hroþulf (1013-17).

þær wæs sang ond sweg samod ætgædere
fore Healfdenes hilde-wisan
gomen-wudu greted, gid oft wrecen,
ðonne heal-gamen Hroþgares scop
æfter medo-bence mænan scolde (1063-67).

gamen eft astah
beorhtede benc-sweg ; byrelas scaldon
win of wunder-fatum (1160-62).

Weorod wæs on wyne ; ne seah ic widan feorh
under heofones hwealf heal-sittendra
medu-dream maran (2014-16).

This old heroic world which caroused in the hall after a fight, and celebrated some joyous occasion with harping and minstrelry, still lives in *Lazamon* :

Bemen þer bleowen : blisse wes on hirede

heo seten to borde : mid muchelure blisse
þa þe king hafda iæten : þa eoden þeines-men to mete
in halle heo drunken : harpen þer dremden (II. 201. 14-23).

King Uther holds a banquet after hearing Mass :

muche blisse wes i þan tun : mid Vðer kinge Pendragun ;
þa þe mæsse wes isunge : to halle heo þrunge ;
bemen heo bleowen : bordes heo brædden ;
al þat folc æt and dronc : and bliase heom wes imong.
Per sæt Vðer þe king : an his hæh setle (II. 353. 8-16).

Arthur gives, or is given, a great feast at Grimsby on his return to Britain from Ireland to join Guinivere :

up heo comen at Grimesbi.
 þat iherden sone : þa hæste of pissen londe
 and to þære quene com tidende : of Arður þan kinge,
 þat he wes isund icumen : and his folc on selen.
 þa weoren inne Bruttene : bliissin inoʒe ;
 her wes fíðeling and song : her wes harpinge imong,
 pipen and bemen : murie þer sungen :
 Scopes þer sungen of Arðure þan kingen
 & of þan muchede wurðscipe : þe he iwunnen hafeden.
 folc con to hirede : of feole cunne þeode,
 wíden & síden : folc wes on selen (II. 530. 5—531. 1).

A still more gorgeous feast is described as taking place in London on Christmas Day (II. 532. 35), during which, unfortunately, a serious fight breaks out through jealousy, and blood is shed. Arthur quells the disturbance, and binds all present by oaths sworn on sacred relics, to forget their differences and to behave properly for the future (535. 37). This, though the name is not mentioned by *Lazamon*, is the virtual founding of the Order of the Table Round. The dead are carried away, the hall is cleared, and the feast proceeds as merrily as ever :

& seoððen adun seten : sætte to borden
 Birles þrunge : gleomen þer sungen,
 harpen gunnen dremen : duʒeðe wes on selen (II. 538. 11—14).

Shortly afterwards the king goes into Cornwall, where he is met by a "crafty workman," who offers to make a splendid table—"bord swíðe hende," at which sixteen hundred and more knights may sit, and where no more quarrels shall break out over priority of place. The table is made and inaugurated at a feast to which high and low are bidden (II. 538. 17—541. 10).

"This," says *Lazamon*, "is the same Table (*þat ilke bord*) about which the Britons boast and tell many kinds of lies." He adds with some shrewdness :

Nis noht al soþ ne al les : þat leod-scopes singeð ;
 ah þis is soþ : bi Arðure þan kinge
 Nes næuer ar swule king : swa duhti þurh alle þing.

Ah Bruttes hine luueden swíðe : & ofte him on líʒeð,
 and suggeð feole þinges : bi Arðure þan kinge
 þat næuere nes iwurpen : a pissere weorlde-richen.

(II. 542. 10—543. 4.)

Wace's references to the founding of the Round Table, which he specifically calls both *Roonde Table* and *Table Roonde*, and to the members of the Order, are much briefer than those of *Lazamon*,

and the accounts differ in various ways. Madden regards the passage in II. 531-542, which deals with the events immediately leading up to the foundation of the Order, with the making of the actual Table itself, and incorporates the remarks just quoted concerning the legends that had grown up concerning the Table, and about Arthur and his knights, as perhaps one of the most remarkable and curious instances which occur of the additional matter engrafted by Lazamon on the text of Wace. For Wace's references see Vol. II. pp. 74-76; 99-100; and p. 229; where the destruction of the fair band of knights that composed the Table Roonde is recorded. It is worth noting that Lazamon never uses the French name by which the Table was afterwards known, and which he might well have taken from Wace, but contents himself with the homely English *bord*. See II. 539. 17; 540. 8, 12 18, 20; 541. 10, 11.

The more we read the *Brut*, the more are we impressed by the versatility of the author. Lazamon is gifted with an inexhaustible flow of poetical language; he has a powerful and beautiful imagination, a tender and graceful fancy, a never-failing vigour and gusto, a wide sympathy with, and enjoyment of, every phase of life and action. He never fails to interest the reader, whether his theme be drawn from his rich stores of legendary lore, from his own observation of nature, or whether it be a battle or a banquet.

Lazamon is essentially an English poet. He is strongly moved by the old romantic stories of his native land. He loves her mountains and moors, her woods, her streams; he is in intimate touch with the wild life that stirs within them. He enters as keenly as any of his countrymen into the excitement of the chase; he loves horses, hawks, and hounds. He knows how to invest his descriptions of battles and pageants, of ceremonies and feasts and minstrelsy, with the glow and splendour of chivalry, and the glamour of romance. The colours seem as fresh to-day as when the pictures were painted. When the poet chooses to exhibit the feelings and emotions of his characters in relation to the situation in which they find themselves, he does it simply, naturally, and with a noble dignity and restraint, witness the scene where Cordelia hears of her father's sorrows, and his arrival in France, or the reconciliation of Brennus and Belyn (see pp. 8-10 above), or the passage where Arthur learns that he is the son of Uther Pendragon:

For dead is Uther Pendragon, and thou art Arthur his son. Dead also is that other, Aurelien, his brother. Thus they told him the news,

and Arthur sat silent. For a while he grew pale, and weak in all his body ; for a while he was flushed, and sorrowed much in his heart. At last his thoughts broke from him—it was well that he spoke (II. 411. 1-11).

We have in the *Brut* an intensely vivid world of external nature, of human action, and of human joys and griefs ; we find an untiring interest in the earthly life and affairs of men. Of strong religious and devotional feeling, or of solicitude concerning the future state of man, and his relation to eternity, I find small trace in this poem. Such a spirit, or attitude of mind, is not perceptible even as a background of the poet's thought. But if there is no expression of specific religious belief, and no avowedly moral intention, the whole atmosphere of the poem is lofty, chivalrous, and noble. Nor do we ever doubt that the writer is a man of a high and generous nature, with a true reverence for whatsoever things are lovely and of good report, and rich in every human quality which goes to make a man and a poet.

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ROUILLET'S *PHILANIRA* AND WHETSTONE'S *PROMOS AND CASSANDRA*

BY F. E. BUDD

WILHELM CREIZENACH, in his *Geschichte des Neueren Dramas*,¹ observes that the *Philanira* (1556) of the Frenchman Claude Rouillet is based on a theme similar to that of Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*. In the course of a study of the sources of Shakespeare's play and of previous treatments of its theme, I examined, amongst other things, this *Philanira* and was led to the conclusion that there is a strong probability, hitherto unsuspected, that it provided the dramatic model for the tragic part of Shakespeare's immediate source, the *Promos and Cassandra* (1578) of George Whetstone. It has long been recognised that Whetstone took his story from a favourite source of his, the *Hecatommithi* (1565)² of the Italian novelist Giraldi Cinthio, where it appears as the fifth novel of the eighth decade—the decade on Ingratitude. In the following pages I hope to show that he knew also Rouillet's *Philanira*, that this tragedy provided him with the structural plan to which he adapted Giraldi's novel, and that he borrowed from it several points not found in the novel but later incorporated, no doubt *via* Whetstone, into Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*. In brief, I suggest that Rouillet's *Philanira* is an indirect source for Shakespeare's sombre tragi-comedy.

A few remarks on the little-known author of *Philanira* and on the significance of his play in the history of sixteenth-century French drama may not be irrelevant to the argument. Biographical details are, however, extremely scanty.

Claudius Roilletus, or Claude Rouillet, was a native of Beaune,

¹ Vol. ii (Halle, 1918), p. 406.

² Two further complete editions appeared (1566, 1574) before the publication of *Promos and Cassandra*. A convenient but careless reprint of viii, 5 will be found in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library* (1875), vol. iii, pp. 169*–184*.

in Burgundy.¹ The date of his birth is unknown, but it can scarcely be placed after 1500, for an Arrêt du Parlement of September 13, 1536,² resulting from a lawsuit in which Rouillet was involved with the bursars of the Collège de Bourgogne, describes him as principal of that important Parisian institution, and he would probably not have attained that position before his later thirties. In 1556 he published at Paris his *Varia Poemata*, a volume of Latin poetry, containing, amongst other things, four tragedies in the classical manner—*Philanira*, *Petrus*, *Aman* and *Catherina*.³ A French translation of *Philanira* appeared in 1563.⁴ La Croix du Maine expressly ascribes this translation to Rouillet himself,⁵ and although the validity of this ascription has been queried by Creizenach, there seems to be no good reason for doubting the evidence of Rouillet's contemporary.⁶ Rouillet died, at an advanced age, it is said, towards 1576. Perhaps it was the occasion of his death

¹ See *Les Bibliothèques françaises de la Croix du Maine et de du Verdier* (Paris, 1772), vol. i, p. 149.

² Given in Michel Félibien's *Hist. de la Ville de Paris* (Paris, 1725), vol. v, pp. 757-759. This arrêt also mentions Bernard and George Roillet, who may have been the poet's brothers.

³ *Claudii Roileti Belnensis varia poemata. Indicem sequens pagella continet. [Device] Parisiis, Apud Gulielmum Iulianum, sub insigni Amicitiae, prope collegium Cameracense. Cum privilegio. 1556: in -16°.* On the verso the contents are given. Du Verdier is wrong in saying that there are four other plays besides *Philanira* in this volume; there are only three others.

There is a copy in the British Museum.

⁴ See Item No. 756 in the *Bibliothèque dramatique de M. de Soinne* (Paris, 1843), vol. i, p. 153. The entry runs: "*Philanire* Tragédie française du Latin de Claude Roillet (trad. par lui-même). Paris, Th. Richard, 1563, in-4 de 48 ff." See also *Bib. du théâtre français* (1768), i, pp. 174-175. There is no copy of this edition either in the British Museum or in the Bibliothèque Nationale, nor do I know where one exists.

⁵ *Bib.* (1584), p. 62.

⁶ Creizenach, *Geschichte*, ii, pp. 425-426, calls the translation anonymous, but does not support his opinion. A comparison of the 1577 edition of the translation (see next note) with the original Latin does not bear out this opinion. There are, certainly, differences between the two. The French version has many more lines. In the Latin version there are 58 pp. with 28 lines to a full page; in the French there are no less than 87 pp. with 30 lines to a full page. The French version has, however, a greater proportion of short verse lines. Many phrases of the Latin are expanded to passages two or three times as long, but there are no real additions to the text, and all the amplifications can be reasonably explained as due to the mere fact of transforming poetry of a terse language into poetry of a considerably less terse one.

There are other differences as well. The critical address *Ad Lectorem* is omitted from the French, the *Argumentum* is expanded by a phrase or two, a stage-direction easily inferred from the text is inserted in iv. [ii], and *Philanira*'s "*furorem Hecubæ*" becomes "*une fureur . . . d'Hercule*" (iii. [i]), owing, perhaps, to a printer's error. But these are minor points, and do not outweigh, or even affect, the contemporary testimony of La Croix du Maine. See also A. A. Barbier, *Dictionnaire des Ouvrages Anonymes* (1879), vol. iv, col. 738.

which prompted the second issue of the French translation of *Philanira* in 1577.¹ There is no reliable evidence to show that Rouillet's plays were ever acted,² although, in view of the dramatic activities of the French colleges of the period, the probability is that he wrote them with an eye to their performance in the college of which he was principal.

Rouillet's life coincided with the period of the Renaissance in France. There, as elsewhere, under the potent influence of this movement classical tragedy came to birth. In the course of its formation it passed through the same embryonic stages as the humanistic tragedy of Italy and England. First, the humanists translated into Latin a few of the tragedies of Greece; next, they imitated, again in Latin, these same Greek tragedies and those of Rome as well; later, these processes of translation and imitation were repeated, but this time with the vernacular as the medium; and, finally, a few more enterprising spirits began to write vernacular tragedies, classical in technique but differing from those of the ancients in respect of subject-matter.

The earliest of these is Etienne Jodelle, whose *Cléopâtre Captive*, the first regular vernacular French tragedy, appeared in 1552. In this play Jodelle began the fatal practice of treating a potentially romantic theme in a non-romantic way. He likewise set the example, followed by the majority of his contemporaries and immediate successors, of imitating Seneca's technique while eliminating Seneca's sensationalism, and, worse still, of voluntarily restricting his dramatic practice by his observance of the precepts of the pseudo-classical, Horatian critical theory of his country. Jodelle's tragedy was hailed with delight by his fellows, men inspired by the same models and imbued with the same pseudo-classical ideas as himself, and the fate of sixteenth-century French classical tragedy was practically sealed.

¹ *Tragedie françoise de Philanire femme d'Hypolite. A Paris, Par Nicolas Bonsons, rue neuve nostre Dame, à l'Enseigne saint Nicolas, 1577.* No author's name is given. The volume is in 8°. It does not differ from the translation of 1563, according to P.L.[acroix ?] in the *Bulletin du Bibliophile*, 15^e serie (Paris, 1862), pp. 1171-1172. There is a copy in the Bibliothèque Nationale, but not in the British Museum.

² Unsupported statements regarding this point are very conflicting. According to the doubtful evidence of the *Journal du Théâtre français* (p. 158), a French translation of the *Philanira* was acted as early as 1560 at the Théâtre des Basochiens under the title *Tragedie françoise en vers libres*. P. L. Jacob, in *Bib. dram. de M. de Solesmes* (v.s. p. 32, n. 4, *ibid.*), says: "son auteur . . . la traduisit lui-même et en fit représenter la traduction avec beaucoup de succès." On the other hand, P. L.[acroix ?] (see preceding note) says: "On ne sait pas si la *Philanire* a été jouée sur un théâtre."

But there was at least one academic dramatist who did not bow down and worship at the shrine of the youthful Jodelle. He was the elderly author of *Philamira*. In this tragedy, published only four years after the *Cléopâtre Captive*, Rouillet seems to be definitely throwing down the gauntlet to the new school. Classical scholar, Parisian professor and Latin poet though he was, he nevertheless came into the dramatic arena as the champion of the spirit of freedom, one might almost say of the romantic spirit—a spirit all too rare in France in this century. In a brief essay prefixed to the Latin version of his play, he deplores the fact that contemporary French tragedy is religiously bound to the theory of Horace and the practice of Seneca as if to an inviolable law, and he boldly announces his belief that in such an indeterminate thing (*in re tam lubrica*) as drama individual judgment should prevail.

He proceeds, in the play itself, to violate most of the precepts of pseudo-classical theory and conventions of pseudo-classical practice. His subject, as he points out in his Argument, is a sordid crime of real life, committed only a few years previously in Insubria or Piedmont.¹ His heroine is a woman of no high estate. His male protagonist is a villain. More than three speaking characters appear on the stage at once. The Unity of Time, to which Jodelle, in his

¹ The Argument of the French version is a little more explicit than that of the Latin, as it amplifies the Latin "Mulier in Insubria" to "Quelques années sont passées, depuis qu'une Dame de Piemont. . ."

There are many accounts of such a crime in the writings of the century. Considerations of space prevent me here from giving the evidence, but the actual crime treated in *Philamira* can, I think, be identified with that committed by a Spanish Captain at Como in 1547, descriptions of which, agreeing at almost every point with the story of *Philamira*, are to be found in:—

- (1) *Tragica seu tristium historiarum . . . libri ii* (Islebiæ, 1597), pp. 107-108;
- (2) *The Theatre of Gods Judgements . . .* by Th. Beard (London, 1597), pp. 313-314;
- (3) *Histoires admirables et memorables de nostre temps . . .* par Simon Goulart (Rouen, 1606), p. 221; and in the English translation of this;
- (4) *Admirable and Memorable Histories . . .* Ed. Grimeston (London, 1607), pp. 341-343.

Curiously enough, Hazlitt gives this last version among "Similar Stories" to that of *Measure for Measure* (*op. cit.*, pp. 167-168).

A very similar crime, committed by a Spaniard at Milan during the wars between the Emperor Charles V and Francis I of France—these ended in 1544—is described in *The Vindication of the professors and profession of the law*. By John Cooke (London, 1646), pp. 61-64.

Milan and Como were in the Imperial possession at this time, and the Duchy of Milan was ruled by the Emperor's son Philip, who afterwards became King of Spain. He was attended in Milan by Spaniards—hence the Spanish Captain. Rouillet changes his scene to the French territories of Northern Italy (Como almost stood on the border of these and Milan), probably to allow himself scope for praising French justice in the person of the Prorex.

Cleopâtre Captive, had been the first Frenchman to refer, is deliberately ignored. Unlike Jodelle and his school, he does not eschew dramatic action; he does not devote his first act to a rhetorical summary of the beginning and middle of his story and the remaining four acts to a long drawn-out ending. On the contrary, he gives his audience the whole of his story, beginning, middle and end, distributing it evenly over the five acts. Moreover, he develops it, not in long-winded narrations, but in swiftly-moving action, and he skilfully contrives to make each act end dramatically on a note of suspense. A series of striking *vis-à-vis* scenes shows a genuine sense of stage-situation. The villain makes his brutal proposition directly to the heroine, not through the medium of a string of messengers; he presents her, on the stage, with her husband's corpse, and thereupon has to bear, before our eyes, the full force of her uncontrolled rage; and, later, when he is on trial before his overlord, he hears her charge him with his crimes to his face. These powerful scenes, designed to emphasise the outer conflict, are intermingled with others revealing inner conflict. The judge, until he falls through the fatal lust inspired by his first view of the heroine, has lived a life of rectitude, and we are shown him wrestling with his degrading passion. We are shown also the inner conflict in the heroine, torn as she is between the irreconcilable longings to save her husband and to preserve her chastity. As a relief to all this, there are two scenes of genuine pathos, almost Shakespearian in conception, where the heroine laments over her three young children. By way of contrast to these, there is a scene of horror where she fondles the remains of their father's corpse. The language varies similarly; at times it is violent and declamatory, at times it is tender and lyrical, and occasionally it is crude and brutal. And the better to express the changing emotions of his characters, Rouillet makes use of a variety of measures.

In all these things Rouillet stands worlds apart from the normal tragic writer of his age and country. They are of the very stuff of Elizabethan romantic tragedy. In some respects, such as in the treatment of a sordid topical crime, they carry Rouillet even further along the path of romantic freedom than many of the irregular, non-classical dramatists of the closing years of the century, both in France and England, cared to venture. Is there any inherent improbability, then, that this French rebel, with his romantic spirit but loosely confined within a modified classical form, should have

appealed to Englishmen, Whetstone amongst them, at a time when they were aiming at the same sort of compromise as he had already achieved? Is he not rather the one Frenchman of the time so to appeal to them? It was only necessary for them to know him to appreciate him. It remains to show that they, or some of them at least, did know him.

An outline of the stories of Rouillet's tragedy, Giraldi's novel, and Whetstone's tragi-comedy—to take the works in the order in which they appeared—will show, as a preliminary, their main differences. Rouillet's story is of a wife, Philanira, who sacrifices her honour to the lust of the judge, Severus, in order to save her husband, Hippolytus, from the fatal sentence passed on him in the course of justice. Her sacrifice is made in vain, for the cynical judge, observing merely the letter of his oath, delivers to Philanira her husband dead. The overlord, who arrives very opportunely on the scene, hears her story, and, to save her honour, compels the judge to marry her. This done, he metes out to the miscreant the fate previously assigned by him to Hippolytus. Philanira is thus deprived of both husbands, and seems to lament the one as much as the other.

In Giraldi's novel the heroine and victim are brother and sister. The former, Epitia, is a girl of eighteen, typically Giraldian in her regulation of her actions according to the dictates of the philosophy which she and her brother had been taught in childhood; the latter, Vico,¹ is a mere youth of sixteen, who, less mindful than his sister of his philosophy, lies in prison condemned to death for what is no more than ante-nuptial transgression. The judge, Juriste, Governor of Ispruche (Innsbruck), calls on the heroine to make sacrifice of her honour if she wishes to save her brother, but again the sacrifice is made in vain. Her brother is sent to her executed. To avenge her wrong, she goes and lays her case before the Emperor Massiminiano, who summons his erring representative to the capital to answer Epitia's charges against him. Juriste is compelled to marry her, to save her honour, and then is condemned to suffer Vico's fate. In this case, however, Epitia, prompted by her natural kindness and by the fear that Juriste's death would be attributed to cruelty and desire for revenge on her part rather than to her genuine desire for justice, pleads philosophically with the Emperor

¹ Not Vico, as in Hazlitt's reprint.

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P. 45

for her newly-wedded husband and succeeds in obtaining his pardon. Against all probability, they live together happily ever after.

Whetstone follows the main points of Giraldi's story fairly closely. His one fundamental innovation lies in his preservation of the brother, whom he calls Andrugio. The reasons for this change are not far to seek. In the first place, Whetstone was writing a tragi-comedy, and it did not suit his purpose that one so near and dear to his heroine, Cassandra, should die. In the second place, Whetstone conceived his heroine on more human lines than Giraldi, the advocate of female emancipation, had done. The latter's *Epitia* saves her husband, the murderer of her brother, purely by her powers of philosophic argument. Whetstone quite rightly felt that this would not suffice for the stage, more particularly for the Elizabethan stage, and so he adds the motive of Andrugio's escape. The fact that the supposed victim really escapes, although small thanks to the judge, makes the final pardon of Promos and his subsequent happy married life with Cassandra less improbable and unpalatable than they are in Giraldi. And, in the third place, the escape of the brother renders possible what, in the hands of a capable dramatist, might have been made a striking final scene of recognition and reconciliation. It might be mentioned here that when Giraldi came to dramatise his own novel, he added this same motive of preserving the brother. In this matter Giraldi and Whetstone are working independently, for, while Giraldi's "tragedy" *Epitia* was written before 1573 (the year of the author's death), it was only published for the first time in 1583. The chances that Whetstone had seen it in manuscript are exceedingly remote, and the fact that it was never acted precludes the possibility that he had witnessed it in the theatre.

Whetstone found it necessary, in order to produce a play in two parts of five acts each, to supplement the material of the novel considerably. He does this mainly by introducing a large number of would-be comic scenes, dealing chiefly with the tyranny of Promos's man, Phallax, and with his affairs with the courtesans who abound in the piece. These tasteless and really irrelevant scenes, many of which were perhaps suggested to the author by his own wild youth,¹

¹ "As a young man . . . He seems to have haunted gambling-houses and brothels, and dissipated his patrimony in reckless living" (*D.N.B.* vol. ix, p. 450).

occupy no less than four-ninths, or nearly one-half, of his whole play.

Whetstone does more than this. He modifies and amplifies the serious material of the novel, apparently with the purpose of adapting it to the stage. These modifications and amplifications are very significant, and I suggest that they can only be satisfactorily explained by the supposition that Whetstone was moulding Giraldi's prose story to the dramatic model of *Philanira*, for practically all of them, with the exception of the escape of Andrugio, have parallels in Rouillet's play. The occurrence of *verbal* similarities between *Promos and Cassandra* and *Philanira*, especially at these points, lends support to my suggestion. A few of the more important of these are given in the footnotes to the following summary of the incidents and features which are exclusive to the two plays. It will be noticed that the dramatic development of the tragic plot of *Philanira* and of the tragic element in the plot of *Promos and Cassandra* is strikingly parallel.

In each play, a whole scene (*Phil.* I. [i], *Prom. & Cass.* A, II. i) ¹ is devoted to the soliloquy uttered by the heroine on her first appearance on the stage, wherein she laments the sentence passed by the judge against the object of her affection and, in despair of his life, expresses a wish for her own death.

The Novel merely has the half-dozen words: "Epitia . . . fù soprapresa da gravissimo dolore." ² There is not the slightest hint of any desire for death on Epitia's part.

In the following scene in each play the heroine is vigorously urged to plead with the judge for the remission of the sentence, in *Philanira* (I. [ii]) by her two Maids, in *Promos and Cassandra* (A, II. ii) by Andrugio himself.

In the Novel, Epitia goes to plead on her own initiative, and without having seen her brother since his imprisonment.

When *Philanira* and *Cassandra* are at length persuaded to plead,

¹ For the sake of convenience, I have numbered the scenes of *Philanira*, which are clearly marked off from each other by spaces in the text, and have referred to the First Part of *Promos and Cassandra* as A and to the Second Part as B.

It might be noticed that each play is preceded by a brief critical essay, somewhat similar in spirit, and by an Argument.

² Hazlitt, *op. cit.*, p. 172*.

the action of the two plays, which, to facilitate comparison, may be summarised in parallel columns, proceeds as follows :

Philanira withdraws to the back of the stage.

1. [iii]. Severus enters, bidding his officers keep "this man" (*i.e.* Hippolytus) bound in a dark prison, and extract his secrets by torture. He vows that Italy that day will see a deed worthy of Severus in the punishment of one whose crime is that he has oppressed and robbed the people entrusted to his care.

Philanira, unseen, overhears, and fearing that Severus is referring to her husband, exclaims in an aside :

O perditam me, quodnam ego verbum audio.

When Severus says that at last the wrongdoer is atoning for his "*rapinas corporis*" by punishment and death, Philanira forces herself to advance, and, throwing herself at his feet, reveals that she is Hippolytus's wife, and pleads for his release. She points out that the governor has power to give life or death, and she begs that her innocence may counteract her husband's guilt.

Severus feels a sudden change in himself, and exclaims :

O pestis ingens, o venenum maximum,
Novus quis artus intrat in meos calor ?
Vivus pereor, videns cado.

Thus it is seen that the dramatic opening of these scenes is precisely parallel—the judges entering and making similar remarks on the enforcement of justice, while the heroine, lurking in the background, overhears and is dismayed. Each heroine, when she

Seeing Promos enter, Cassandra withdraws to the back of the stage
"In covert, for some advantage to stay."

A, II. iii. Promos enters with his Sheriff and Officers, and, remarking on the number of unthrifts who live in that town "by *rapine*, *spoyle*, and *theft*," says that only the frequent punishment of these "rufflers" can protect "the just mans goods." He bids the Sheriff speedily execute the 30 men just condemned to die.

Cassandra, unseen, overhears, and exclaims in an aside :

O cruell words they make my hart to bleede.

Then she advances, and, kneeling at Promos's feet, reveals that she is Andrugio's sister, and pleads for grace for him on the ground that his sin may easily be amended by marriage. She points out that kings or their representatives may overrule the force of law with mercy in such cases.

Promos grants a reprieve for Andrugio and bids Cassandra come and plead again on the following day.

Left alone, he praises her, and then cries : "O God I feelee a sodaine change, that doth my freedom chayne." He bids himself avoid all thought of her.

comes forward to plead, throws herself at the judge's feet, and each causes consternation in his breast.

In the Novel there is nothing of this, but merely the bald statement that "Epitia . . . andò ad Juriste, & il pregò ad havere compassione a suo Fratello."¹

The judges then make their proposition to the heroines, as in the Novel, and these, after lamenting their fate in short soliloquies (*Phil.* 1. [ii], *Prom.* and *Cass.* A, III. ii), are prompted by further talk with the Maids (II. [i]) and the Brother (A. III, iv) to yield.

Severus, in a long and powerful soliloquy, then expresses wonder that all his powers are overthrown by love, by a flame that can in no wise be quenched. The picture of the beautiful Philanira weeping at his feet rises before him. With an effort at self-control, he laments that he is being dragged to infamy, forgetful of his birth, his reputation, and the law. But love cannot be resisted. "Iacta alea est." Philanira shall have her husband, and he will satisfy his lust (*Phil.* II. [ii]).

Whetstone has a corresponding but briefer scene (A. III. i) in which Promos, in a soliloquy, says that in spite of all his efforts to check his passion, the fire within his breast burns hotter; and so he determines to enforce his love.

This wrestling of the judge with his passion, which occupies a whole scene in each play, has no counterpart at all in the Novel.

After a scene between Severus and his man Sanga, corresponding to *Promos and Cassandra*, A, II. v,² *Philanira* offers the following powerful and dramatic interview (II. [iv]):

Philanira enters, offering to buy back her husband with gold or with tears. Severus indignantly rejects the gold, and so she falls at his feet and pleads once more. Her denials succeed only in inflaming Severus the

¹ *Ibid.*

² Sanga, immediately on his first entry, says to his master Severus, who has summoned him for a secret purpose:

"Dicto citius illud procuraro, impera.

In his next remark he adds:

Lubens

"Fecero quod imperaveris" (II. [iii]).

When Promos suggests that he has a "cause" to show to his man Phallax, the latter's first words are:

"Say on my Lord, a happy man weare I:
If any way, your wish I could supply" (A, II. iv).

more. She bids him control his passion, and points out how brief is the pleasure of lust, how lasting the grief she will endure. Severus, still further inflamed by this, overcomes her resistance by bidding his slaves go and fetch Hippolytus's head. She decides to yield rather than let her husband perish, but first she extracts from Severus a solemn oath that her husband will really be restored to her.

In the interval before Act III, Severus achieves his desires.

In such a scene as this we see Rouillet at his best. Whetstone, however, merely gives a narrative summary of the striking action and dialogue of this scene. Promos, after he has had his will with Cassandra, is made to say in a soliloquy (A, iv. ii) :

Pro. By prooffe I finde, no reason cooles desire.
Cassandraes sute, suffised to remove
My lewde request, but contrarie, the fire,
Hir teares inflam'd, of lust, and filthy Love.
And having thus, the conquest in my handes,
No prayer serv'de to worke restraint in mee :
But needes I woulde untye the precious bandes,
Of this fayre Dames spotles Virginitie.
The spoyle was sweete, and wonne even as I woulde,
And yet ungainde, tyll I had given my trothe,
To marie hir, and that hir brother shoulde
Be free from death, all which I bounde with oathe.

It will, I think, be admitted that these lines do summarise the events of *Philanira* II. [iv].

They have, however, no foundation in the Novel. There Epitia quite unemotionally informs Juriste that the hope he had given her of taking her to wife and her desire to liberate her brother have induced her to place herself at his disposal. Then comes the bare statement :

"Così havendo cenato insieme Iuriste, & Epitia se n'andarono poscia a letto, & si prese il Malvagio della donna compiuto piacere."¹

Epitia, unlike Philanira and Cassandra, does not plead passionately with the judge, nor does she attempt to extract from him solemn oaths that, his desires once satisfied, he will release his victim. She calmly treats the whole affair as a simple business proposition.

On the following morning Philanira (III. [i]) and Cassandra (A, iv. iii) are shown to be intensely conscious of their shame.

In the Novel Epitia has no such feeling. She merely asks Juriste, "con dolcissima maniera," to fulfil her hopes.²

When the remains of the victims are brought on to the stage (*Phil.*

¹ Hazlitt, p. 176*.

² *Ibid.*, p. 177*.

III. [i], *Prom. and Cass.* A, iv. iv), Severus and the Gaoler respectively defend the executions as legally justified.

In the Novel it is left to Eptia to remark

"Ch' esso [*i.e.* Juriste] giustamente fatto habbia quello, che fatto egli hà." ¹

Each play, moreover, has a reference to the judge's generosity in granting the heroine even these remains.

There is no mention of this in the Novel.

When the heroines are left alone with these remains, Philanira (III. [ii]) and Cassandra lament at considerable length. To the accompaniment of very similar words ² they fondle the severed head, and eventually they both find consolation in the contemplation of suicide.

Now in the Novel we merely read that

"Eptia . . . fè sopra il morto fratello, dirottissimamente piangendo, lunga, & dolente quer[e]lla." ³

These laments are not given, there is no express mention of the fondling of the severed head, and Eptia most certainly never dreams of committing suicide.

At this juncture in *Philanira* (iv. [i]), the overlord, Prorex, returns to his home in Insubria after a foreign campaign, and, on his entry, is shown discussing with his Senex the principles of just government, the heavy responsibilities of a ruler, the temptations to which such a person is subjected, and so on. (Whetstone, I believe, had this discussion in mind when he wrote his opening scene, as well as when writing B, I. viii).⁴ He then swears to punish with

¹ Hazlitt, p. 178*.

² *Phil.* (alone):

Sanguine sparsum caput amplectar,
Osculer istud quicquid restat,
Orique tuo os iungam madidum (III. [ii]).

Cass. (alone):

Andrugio, let mee kis thy lippes, yet ere I fall to mone.
O would that I could wast to teares, to wash this bloody face
(A, iv. iv).

³ Hazlitt, p. 178*.

⁴ In the Novel, the Emperor, when offering Juriste the governorship of Innsbruck, deliberately limits his commands to one,

"la quale è, che servi inviolabilmente la Giustit[i]a" (p. 170*).

This, however, is considerably elaborated in the opening scene of *Promos* and

death any injustice that may have been performed in his absence, and, through his own mouth, invites anybody who thinks he has a grievance to come forward, in order that it may be speedily righted.

At the corresponding juncture in *Promos and Cassandra* (B, I. viii), the overlord Corvinus, King of Hungary, arrives at Julio, accompanied by Cassandra, who previously had gone to him in his capital to lay her wrongs before him, and to judge whose cause he has now come to Julio in person. He, like Rouillet's Prorex, reflects on justice; how authority warps judges who before their appointment seemed to be reliable men; how love, hate and money sway them, etc. He causes a royal proclamation to be issued (B, II. ii), in which he invites complaints from any of his subjects in Julio who have grievances against his representatives. The wording of this written

Cassandra, where Promos, having arrived in Julio, the city newly entrusted to his care, announces his sovereign's commands regarding the establishment of just government. The elaboration seems to have been prompted by *Philanira* IV. [i], the substance and, in one or two cases, the words of which have been borrowed by Whetstone.

One such parallel seems to me to be particularly significant. Promos, promising to carry out the King's wishes, says:

"Love shall not staye, nor hate revenge procure,
Ne yet shall Coyne, corrupt or foster wrong."

The phrase "Love shall not staye" is not, to me, self-explanatory. What shall love not stay (*i.e.* delay)? The "revenge" of the next half-line? Hardly. The marginal summary at this point reads:

"Love, hate and gaine, the causes of Injustice,"

so it seems to be justice that love "stayes"—and judges do not refer to justice as revenge.

It seems that the English phrase is only to be explained from the Latin. Rouillet's Senex says to the Prorex:

"Libido magnis rebus annectit moram,
Sublata tollit."

From this, then, what "love" (*libido*) "stayes" (*annectit moram*) is "great affairs" (*magnis rebus*), one of which is undoubtedly justice. May it be suggested, therefore, that Whetstone forgot to make clear to his English readers what was perfectly straightforward for him in the Latin?

A parallel to the remainder of Promos's two lines is to be found in the Senex's words a little later in the same scene:

"Nam videre est plurimos
Quos caeca lucri cupiditas leges facit
Abolere sacras: quos venus & inertia
Enervat: Alios quos odia gravia coquant."

proclamation is similar to that of the spoken invitation of the Prorex.¹

In each play, therefore, the overlord visits the city entrusted to the false judge, and, on his entry, indulges in philosophical reflections on justice.

In the Novel, on the other hand, the overlord summons Juriste to his capital to answer Epitia's charges, and there are no philosophical reflections. The Novel, again, has no public invitation of complaints—and naturally so, since the trial takes place at the capital.

Thereafter in *Philanira*, the Prorex, having overheard the heroine lamenting her wrongs (iv. [ii]), bids her tell her story (iv. [iii]). Severus is immediately summoned, and, as in *Promos and Cassandra* (B, III. ii) and the Novel, Philanira accuses him to his face (iv. [iv]). In all three versions the judge is compelled by the overlord to marry the heroine, and then he is condemned to death. In *Philanira* (v. [i]) and *Promos and Cassandra* (B, III. ii) the sentence is passed in the presence of the bride.

In the Novel, the Emperor bids Epitia withdraw before sentencing Juriste.

We are now told by a Nuntius (v. [i]) and by Sir Ulrico, a councillor of King Corvinus (B, v. ii), that Philanira and Cassandra pleaded fervently for the pardon of Severus and Promus respec-

¹ In *Promos and Cassandra*, B, II. ii, the Proclamation inviting complaints runs:

" . . . First, if any person, Officer, or other: hath wronged any of his true subjects . . . His Majestie wylles the partie so grieved, to repayre to Syr Ulrico, one of his highnesse privie Counsell; who (finding his, or their injuries) is commaunded, to certifie them, and their prooffe, unto the Kings majestie: where incontinentlie, he wyll order the controversie, to the release of the partie grieved, and the punishment of the offenders. . . ."

Now, in view of the fact that this proclamation was adapted to the legal procedure of England and not to that of Hungary or Julio, it is the more surprising to find in it, especially in the part beginning "where incontinentlie," a parallel to the words in which Rouillet's Prorex issues a similar invitation of complaints. Because the French version in this instance seems, in one word at least, a little closer to the English than the Latin version is, I have given it as well:

Prorex. Accedat igitur quisquis alienum scelus,
In se nefasque senserit, promptissimam
Qua sublevetur, viderit sibi manum.

and:

. . . vienne qui pensera
S'estre fait tort, ou quelque violence:
Incontinent verra la diligence
Que lon [*i.e.* l'on] fera pour le tost secourir,
Voire le cas deseruant le mourir.

tively, but that their pleas were made in vain. Consequently we have the following scenes, which again may be summarised in parallel columns :

v. [i]. Realising that his last day was come, Severus is reported to have said—his very words are quoted in direct speech by the Nuntius—that vain were the gratitude and favour of man. Why, he asked Philanira, did she pour forth her prayers in vain? Safer it was to trust in God, who, more merciful than man, would pardon his (Severus's) crime.

Unafraid of death, he then bade the lictor advance, and, having prayed for a while, he resigned his spirit to the gods. The severed head, still palpitating, sought in its fall the marriage-bed and the newly-wedded wife.

Philanira, who had witnessed the whole grisly spectacle, swooned away.

[ii]. Philanira laments her second bereavement as violently as the first. In spite of the consolation of the Senex, she resolves on suicide, and makes her final exit to achieve this purpose.

Thus the plays give the last words of the judges, their brave behaviour in the face of death, their farewells to their wives, the laments of these wives and their desire for death.

The Novel has none of this. There Eptia does not see her husband from the time that he is married to her, that is before he is condemned to death, until she has secured his pardon. Consequently Juriste's attitude in the face of death is not touched upon, there are no farewells, and, consistently with Eptia's nature, there is no lamenting or desire for death on her part. Indeed, she is prompted to plead for her husband, not through any affectionate or emotional considerations, but mainly because she is afraid of what people will say if his death is attributed to a desire for revenge rather than for justice on her part.

B, v. iv. Promos, led to execution, makes to the assembled crowd a full confession of his abuse of power, acknowledges the justice of his doom, and expresses the pious hope that his fate will prove a warning to others. Craving forgiveness of all, he begs them to beseech God to grant him grace

At latter gaspe, the feare of death to kyll.

Cassandra and Polina enter. His wife's grief robs Promos of the resolution that he had mustered wherewith to meet death bravely. They take a loving farewell of each other, and Promos is led out to death, leaving Polina, of whom he has asked and received forgiveness for Andrugio's fate, to console her.

In spite of the consolation of Polina, Cassandra sings a swan-song of grief, in which she laments her double bereavement, and looks forward only to death.

The last stanza of Cassandra's swan-song (B, v. iv) begins :

" This Tragidy they have begun, conclude I wretched must."

This swan-song, corresponding to the brief final chorus of *Philanira*, does indeed bring to a conclusion the tragic part of *Promos and Cassandra*, just as a previous swan-song of hers had concluded Part A. It would have provided a satisfactory termination, parallel to that of *Philanira*, had Whetstone been writing a tragedy. But he was writing a tragi-comedy, and he had to tack on an arbitrary happy ending :

News arrives that Andrugio (who had made fleeting appearances in disguise in B, iv. ii, v. i and v. iii) is alive and that, as a consequence, Promos has been reprieved. These two enter, the King with them, and, after a joyful reunion, Andrugio tells his story, Promos is restored to favour, and there is nothing to prevent them from all living happily ever after.

Whetstone, therefore, does not give us his happy ending until he has exhausted the whole of Rouillet's story, even to its tragic close. Had the really independent and disconnected scenes in which Andrugio appears after his supposed execution been left unwritten, *Promos and Cassandra* would have been, without any further modification or addition, a tragedy pure and simple. A reading of the play with the mere omission of these scenes proves this. But it would have been more. Apart from the substitution of a brother and sister for a husband and wife, it would have been *Philanira* in an Elizabethan dress.

Such, then, is the internal evidence for the suggestion that Whetstone knew and used Rouillet's play. Of external evidence there is, not surprisingly, none, just as there is no external evidence that he knew Giraldi's novel or that Shakespeare knew Holinshed ; yet both are indisputable facts. Nevertheless, one or two remarks on the " external " aspect of the case may be ventured.

Whetstone, in his well-known Dedication to *Promos and Cassandra*, criticises the contemporary dramatic practice of the Italians, the French, the Spaniards and the Germans. Unless he is anticipating the methods of some twentieth-century critics, it is to be presumed that he was acquainted with the practices that he condemns. Whetstone had lived in France and the Low Countries for some time before this Dedication was written, and

that he really did have a knowledge of foreign literature is shown by his other works written just before and after *Promos and Cassandra*. These are largely translations, in prose and verse, of the romances and novels of Italy and France. After all, it is not excessively reckless to suggest that, in an age when the writings of Italy and France were eagerly welcomed by Englishmen, the man who certainly knew those of Giraldis of Ferrara may very well have known those of Rouillet of Paris. It has been remarked above that Rouillet, the one academic French dramatist of his day with romantic leanings, would probably have appealed to his kindred spirit, Whetstone, more strongly than any other French author. Moreover, the Parisian professor's tragedy was not a still-born effort. In an age and country where one edition was the normal allowance for a classical tragedy, the *Philanira* enjoyed three editions in the course of twenty-one years (1556-1577). And is it entirely without significance that the third of these—that is, the second issue of the French translation—appeared in 1577, only a year before the publication of *Promos and Cassandra*?¹

These remarks concern the possibility of Whetstone's acquaintance with the *Philanira*; that other Englishmen knew it, admits of no doubt at all. In the Accounts of the Junior Bursar of Trinity College, Cambridge, for the years 1564-5, there occurs under the "Charges of Plays" the following entry:

"Item to Mr. Gybson & Mr. Davyd for the charges of philanira
xiiij^s ix." ²

There can be little doubt that this *Philanira* was the Latin tragedy of Rouillet. Cambridge at this period was remarkably liberal, for an academic institution, in its dramatic tastes, and we can easily imagine that the striking *Philanira* of the Principal of the Collège de Bourgogne would receive a ready welcome.

The identification of the *Philanira* of the Trinity College records with the tragedy of Rouillet, while almost certainly correct, may to some minds still remain open to question; and so it may be objected that there is no conclusive proof that Rouillet's *Philanira* was ever known in England at that period. I am, however, able to give such proof. On the recto of the title-page of the British Museum copy

¹ The Ded. Ep. of Whetstone's play is dated July 29, 1578.

² G. C. Moore Smith, *Collections*, II, 2, p. 165 (Malone Society, 1923). I am indebted to Professor Moore Smith for his kindness in giving me the reference to the actual words of the entry.

of the *Varia Poemata* (1556) there is written in a fine, clear hand "Edoardus Mychelborn 1586," and the text of *Philanira* is annotated in the same hand. Now this Edoardus, or Edward, Mychelborn was a Latin poet of note in his day at Oxford. Born¹ of a good Hampshire family in 1565, he matriculated as a commoner of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, on March 27, 1579, at the age of fourteen, and afterwards transferred to Gloucester Hall. Being a Roman Catholic, he took no degree. He seems to have lived most of his life at Oxford, and died there on December 27, 1626. Wood calls him "the most noted Latin poet in the university. . . . The poets of his time did mostly submit their labours to his judgment before they were made public."² One of his closest friends was Thomas Campion, four of whose *Latin Epigrams* (1619) were addressed to him.

We see from this, then, that thirty years after its publication, a copy of Rouillet's Latin plays and poems came into the possession of this young Latin poet of Oxford, then aged twenty-one, and that he found the *Philanira* of sufficient interest to prompt a careful study. The fact that it had dealt with a topical crime was not likely to deter an Englishman, scholar though he was, who took it up just when the play on topical crime, usually known as Domestic Tragedy, was coming into vogue in his own country. Mychelborn's possession of the Latin text in 1586 does not, I am aware, prove that Whetstone had studied it eight years or so previously, but it does prove that the *Philanira* was remembered in England a full generation after it was written, and the probability is that it had been in circulation here ever since its first appearance.

¹ See *D.N.B.*, vol. xxxvii, pp. 328-329, for the facts of Mychelborn's life.

² *Fasti Oxon.*, ed. Bliss, i, 428.

THE SOURCES OF MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON MILTON

BY P. L. CARVER

THE object of this article is, in the first instance, to consider the essay on Milton as the final stage in a process of thought which must have been active in Macaulay's mind for at least a year before he was asked to write for the *Edinburgh Review*, and probably for a very much longer period. That a number of fragmentary ideas and allusions had made an earlier appearance in contributions to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* is easy to demonstrate, and is a fact of some importance to the true understanding of the essay itself. Beyond this, it is proposed to make a tentative approach to a more debatable region. Though Macaulay's intellectual honesty is above suspicion, his extraordinary verbal memory must have exposed him constantly to the risk of unconscious plagiarism. He himself observed in 1835 that he was peculiarly subject to the habit of quotation, and added: "It is a dangerous thing for a man with a very strong memory to read very much."¹ There are several passages in the essay on Milton which justify the suspicion that he was not uniformly successful in avoiding the danger indicated.

As the first of these two lines of enquiry may not appear to promise results of any value beyond themselves, it will be best to begin with an illustration which is not open to that objection. Professor Courthope, in a lecture to the British Academy, published in 1908,² undertook a searching analysis of Macaulay's comparison of Dante and Milton. He begins with the statement that the object of that comparison is "to establish the supremacy of Milton's genius in poetry," though Macaulay himself, observing that "each in his own department is incomparable," had expressly disclaimed "the inevitable office of settling precedence between two such writers."

¹ Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* (1876), vol. i, p. 434.

² "A Consideration of Macaulay's Comparison of Dante and Milton," published in *Proceedings of the British Academy*, 1907-8.

Courthope's assertion might be justified if it could be shown that the comparison is, in fact, whatever intention the writer may have professed, "used for the purposes of panegyric"; and sufficient evidence upon that point is found in the remarks upon the personal character of Dante, of which we are told:

While Milton's actions are justified on the plea of public necessity, Dante's, it is implied, were the fruits of an ill-conditioned nature. Attention is called to his proud, sullen and unhappy temper, in contrast with Milton's angelic patience and serenity. This is scarcely just.

The allusion is, presumably, to a long paragraph describing Dante's habitual melancholy, which concludes thus:

All the portraits of him are singularly characteristic. No person can look on the features, noble even to ruggedness, the dark furrows of the cheek, the haggard and woeful stare of the eye, the sullen and contemptuous curve of the lip, and doubt that they belong to a man too proud and too sensitive to be happy.

We may now turn for comparison to the essay on Dante which Macaulay contributed to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* for January, 1824. In that essay there is hardly any mention of Milton, and when he is mentioned it is generally for the purpose of comparing him unfavourably with Dante. Yet it is there that we find the original source of that criticism of Dante's character which Courthope read as unjust depreciation. The following extract is given at some length in order to preserve the context:

But those religious hopes which had released the mind of the sublime enthusiast from the terrors of death had not rendered his speculations on human life more cheerful. This is an inconsistency which may often be observed in men of a similar temperament. He hoped for happiness beyond the grave: but he felt none on earth. It is from this cause, more than from any other, that his description of Heaven is so far inferior to the Hell or the Purgatory. With the passions and miseries of the suffering spirits he feels a strong sympathy. But among the beatified he appears as one who has nothing in common with them—as one who is incapable of comprehending, not only the degree, but the nature of their enjoyment. We think that we see him standing amidst those smiling and radiant spirits with that scowl of unutterable misery on his brow, and that curl of bitter disdain on his lips, which all his portraits have preserved, and which might furnish Chantrey with hints for the head of his projected Satan.¹

¹ *The Miscellaneous Writings of Lord Macaulay* (1860), vol. i, pp. 61-2.

Here we have proof that it was consistent with Macaulay's view of Dante's character and genius to draw attention to "his proud, sullen and unhappy temper" without implying either that his actions were "the fruits of an ill-conditioned nature" or that he was less patient and serene than Milton. The moral is that it is never safe to bring any charge against Macaulay which involves the use of the parenthesis, "it is implied." The art of implication was foreign to his mind and method. The same general considerations apply to Courthope's criticism of the comparison between the *Divine Comedy* and *Paradise Lost* on the ground of verbal imagery. We are told that Macaulay "cites a number of passages from each poem to illustrate his meaning; and these, being excellently chosen, appear to establish the point for which he is contending." This is true, but the point for which he is contending is not, as Courthope lightly assumed, that Milton's method is superior to Dante's, but only that it differs from it. The question arises here, as in the former case, whether Macaulay can be held to have implied more than he expressed; and it may be answered that he conveys a sense of Milton's superiority by comparing *Paradise Lost* at its best with those passages of the *Divine Comedy* which are generally considered to be the least inspired. Let us again compare the essay on Dante in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. We at once recognise the statement that "his similes are frequently rather those of a traveller than of a poet,"¹ for the substance of the remark is transferred to the essay on Milton in the words, "His similes are the illustrations of a traveller." Then follows a list of examples which, though less extensive, is plainly the original of the list afterwards elaborated in the essay on Milton. What, then, in the earlier essay, is the point for which Macaulay is contending? It is not that Milton's method is superior. It is that Dante was right in "embodying his conceptions in determinate words" instead of, like Milton, leaving them to "float undefined in a gorgeous haze of language." For his own part, Macaulay frankly confesses "that the vague sublimity of Milton affects me less than these reviled details of Dante"; and he then proceeds to argue the question from first principles in favour of the method of the *Divine Comedy*.

So far Macaulay's earlier writings have been used to defend him against the attacks of an opponent; but they may be helpful also in saving him from one of his friends who detects in this performance

¹ Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Writings* (1860), vol. i, p. 65.

of his twenty-fifth year a generous measure of tears of sensibility. Mr. George Sampson contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1925, an article designed to celebrate the centenary of the essay on Milton. He exhibits for admiration a paragraph which he suspects to have been written "with a pleasant dimming of the eyes," and which, he says, he would be willing to adduce in defence of Macaulay's sincerity if any defence were needed. The paragraph cited refers to those passages of Milton "which are little more than muster-rolls of names," and continues :

They are not always more appropriate or more melodious than other names. But they are charmed names. Every one of them is the first link in a long chain of associated ideas. Like the dwelling-place of our infancy revisited in manhood, like the song of our country heard in a strange land, they produce upon us an effect wholly independent of their intrinsic value. One transports us back to a remote period of history. Another places us among the novel scenes and manners of a distant region. A third evokes all the dear classical recollections of childhood, the school-room, the dog-eared Virgil, the holiday, and the prize.

No one will deny that Macaulay meant what he said, and was therefore sincere in the ordinary sense of the word ; but that his sincerity was of that profound and moving kind which is discernible in modes of expression cannot be admitted, for part of the eloquence had done duty in the service of "The Athenian Orators" before the essay on Milton was projected. In *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* for August, 1824, Macaulay had used these words :

They have furnished subjects for the painter, and models for the poet. In the minds of the educated classes throughout Europe, their names are indissolubly associated with the endearing recollections of childhood—the old school-room—the dog-eared grammar—the first prize—the tears so often shed and so quickly dried.¹

A reader who could imagine that Macaulay was moved to tears in transferring this tribute from "the great classical writers" to the mythological deities assembled in *Paradise Lost* would be capable of believing that Arthur Pendennis experienced "a pleasant dimming of the eyes" when he re-addressed to Blanche Amory the verses originally composed for Miss Fotheringay.

Some of the other passages in Macaulay's earlier writings of which traces appear in the essay on Milton may be displayed in parallel

¹ Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Writings* (1860), vol. i, p. 125.

columns. No distinction is made between those in which the verbal form lends itself to comparison and those in which the resemblance is mainly in the substance, but for the most part the extracts from the essays on Dante and Petrarch belong to the first category and those from the "Conversation between Mr. Cowley and Mr. Milton" to the second.

Essay on Milton.

We may apply to him [the translator of the Treatise on Christian Doctrine] what Denham with great felicity says of Cowley. He wears the garb, but not the clothes of the ancients.

Milton, it is well known, admired Euripides highly, much more highly than, in our opinion, Euripides deserved. Indeed, the caresses which this partiality leads our countryman to bestow on "sad Electra's poet" sometimes remind us of the beautiful Queen of Fairy-land kissing the long ears of Bottom.

He [Milton] could stoop to a plain style, sometimes even to a bald style; but false brilliancy was his utter aversion. His Muse had no objection to a russet attire, but she turned with disgust from the finery of Guarini, as tawdry and as paltry as the rags of a chimney-sweeper on May-day.

Versification in a dead language is an exotic, a far-fetched, costly, sickly, imitation of that which

Essay on Dante.

It must be acknowledged that this eminent writer [Vincenzo di Monti] has sometimes pushed too far his idolatry of Dante. To borrow a sprightly illustration from Sir John Denham, he has not only imitated his garb, but borrowed his clothes.¹

It has more than once happened to us to see minds, graceful and majestic as the Titania of Shakespeare, bewitched by the charms of an ass's head, bestowing on it the fondest caresses, and crowning it with the sweetest of flowers. I need only mention the poems attributed to Ossian.²

Essay on Petrarch.

Of those [verses of Petrarch] which are universally acknowledged to be bad it is scarcely possible to speak with patience. Yet they have much in common with their splendid companions. They differ from them, as a May-day procession of chimney-sweepers differs from the Field of the Cloth of Gold.³

They [the Latin writings of Petrarch] must be considered as exotics, transplanted to a foreign

¹ Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Writings* (1860), vol. i, p. 57.

² *Ibid.*, p. 70. It is probable that Hazlitt was one of the admirers of Ossian whom Macaulay had in mind. See his remarks on the subject at the conclusion of his lecture *On Poetry in General*.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 84.

Essay on Milton.

elsewhere may be found in healthful and spontaneous perfection. The soils on which this rarity flourishes are in general as ill suited to the production of vigorous native poetry as the flower-pots of a hot-house to the growth of oaks.

Essay on Petrarch.

climate and reared in an unfavourable situation; and it would be unreasonable to expect from them the health and the vigour which we find in the indigenous plants around them, or which they might themselves have possessed in their native soil.¹

A Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton.

We cannot refrain from adding a few words respecting a topic on which the defenders of Charles are fond of dwelling. If, they say, he governed his people ill, he at least governed them after the example of his predecessors. If he violated their privileges, it was because those privileges had not been accurately defined. No act of oppression has ever been imputed to him which has not a parallel in the annals of the Tudors. This point Hume has laboured, with an art which is as discreditable in a historical work as it would be admirable in a forensic address. The answer is short, clear, and decisive. Charles had assented to the Petition of Right.

We disapprove, we repeat, of the execution of Charles; not because the constitution exempts the King from responsibility, . . . but because we are convinced that the measure was most injurious to the cause of freedom. He whom it removed was a captive and a hostage: his heir, to whom the allegiance of every Royalist was

"Nay, but conceive me, Mr. Cowley," said Mr. Milton; "inasmuch as, at the beginning of his reign, he imitated those who had governed before him, I blame him not. To expect that kings will, of their own free choice, abridge their prerogative, were argument of but slender wisdom. Whatever, therefore, lawless, unjust, or cruel, he either did or permitted during the first years of his reign, I pass by. But for what was done after he had solemnly given his consent to the Petition of Right, where shall we find defence?"²

"From all that I know, I think that the death of King Charles hath more hindered than advanced the liberties of England.

"First, he left an heir. He was in captivity. The heir was in freedom. He was odious to the Scots. The heir was favoured by them. To kill the captive, therefore, whereby the heir, in the appre-

¹ Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Writings* (1860), vol. i, p. 87.

² *Ibid.*, p. 111. In all the extracts from this paper Milton is imagined as the speaker.

*Essay on Milton.**A Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton.*

instantly transferred, was at large. The Presbyterians could never have been perfectly reconciled to the father: they had no such rooted enmity to the son. The great body of the people, also, contemplated that proceeding with feelings which, however unreasonable, no government could safely venture to outrage.

The ambition of Oliver was of no vulgar kind. He never seems to have coveted despotic power. He at first fought sincerely and manfully for the Parliament, and never deserted it, till it had deserted its duty. If he dissolved it by force, it was not till he found that the few members who remained after so many deaths, secessions, and expulsions, were desirous to appropriate to themselves a power which they held only in trust, and to inflict upon England the curse of a Venetian oligarchy. But even when placed by violence at the head of affairs, he did not assume unlimited power. He gave the country a constitution far more perfect than any which had at that time been known in the world. . . . But when he found that his parliaments questioned the authority under which they met, and that he was in danger of being deprived of the restricted power which was absolutely necessary to his personal safety, then, it must be acknow-

hension of all royalists, forthwith became king—what was it, in truth, but to set their captive free, and to give him besides other great advantages?

"Next, it was a deed most odious to the people, and not only to your party, but to many among ourselves; and, as it is perilous for any government to outrage the public opinion, so most was it perilous for a government which had from that opinion alone its birth, its nurture, and its defence."¹

"In that he dissolved the Parliament, I praise him. It was then so diminished in numbers, as well by the death as by the exclusion of members, that it was no longer the same assembly; and, if at that time it had made itself perpetual, we should have been governed, not by an English House of Commons, but by a Venetian Council."²

"He gave to his country a form of government so free and admirable that, in near six thousand years, human wisdom hath never devised any more excellent contrivance for human happiness. To himself he reserved so little power that it would scarcely have sufficed for his safety, and it is a marvel that it could suffice for his ambition. When, after that, he found that the

¹ Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Writings*, vol. i, pp. 113-14.

² *Ibid.*, p. 118.

Essay on Milton.

ledged, he adopted a more arbitrary policy.

Then came those days, never to be recalled without a blush, the days of servitude without loyalty and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave.

It will be noticed that most of these pre-existing ornaments, being re-shaped as well as re-polished, are brought into perfect harmony with the scheme of the essay. There is, however, one obvious exception to this rule, which raises the question whether Macaulay had any other obligation besides his indebtedness to himself. He says of Milton and Dante :

They are not egotists. They rarely obtrude their idiosyncrasies on their readers. They have nothing in common with those modern beggars for fame who extort a pittance from the compassion of the inexperienced by exposing the nakedness and sores of their minds.

This ungraceful and inappropriate imagery can be traced directly to a passage in the essay on Petrarch already mentioned. After remarking that the egotism of Byron and the less obvious but more intense egotism of Wordsworth had attracted a crowd of inferior imitators, Macaulay proceeds :

All the walks of literature are infested with mendicants for fame, who attempt to excite an interest by exhibiting all the distortions of their intellects, and stripping the covering from all the putrid sores of their feelings. Nor are there wanting many who push their imitation of the

A Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton.

members of his parliament disputed his right even to that small authority which he had kept, when he might have kept all, then indeed I own that he began to govern by the sword those who would not suffer him to govern by the law.¹

"Now look at that which we have taken in exchange. With the restored king have come over to us vices of every sort, and most the basest and most shameful—lust without love—servitude without loyalty—foulness of speech—dishonesty of dealing—grinning contempt of all things good and generous."²

¹ Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Writings*, vol. i, pp. 119.

² *Ibid.*, p. 119.

beggars whom they resemble a step further, and who find it easier to extract a pittance from the spectator, by simulating deformity and debility from which they are exempt, than by such honest labour as their health and strength enable them to perform.¹

Even here the imagery is not perfectly appropriate, and in the more concentrated form which it assumes in the essay on Milton it is grotesque. Its presence would be explained if we could suppose it to have originated in Macaulay's reading of a review of Maturin's *Melmoth the Wanderer* which had appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for June, 1821, and in which these words occur :

The Society for the Suppression of Mendicity has fortunately cleared our streets of the offensive vagrants who used to thrust their mangled limbs and putrid sores into our faces to extort from our disgust what they could not wring from our compassion : Be it *our* care to suppress those greater nuisances who, infesting the high ways of literature, would attempt, by a still more revolting exhibition, to terrify or nauseate us out of those sympathies which they might not have the power to awaken by any legitimate appeal.²

Macaulay said in 1843 that he had read and re-read Jeffrey's articles till he knew them by heart.³ It is, however, unlikely that he attempted any accurate discrimination between the authentic work of the editor and that of his contributors ; a task which baffled Jeffrey himself in his later life and which still presents problems to modern research. The review of *Melmoth* was not claimed by Jeffrey, and may have been contributed by Hazlitt :⁴ but, however that may be, we may safely assume that Macaulay had read it. Another article which seems to have influenced the essay on Milton is the review of Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, which, though appropriated by Jeffrey, is now known to be the work of Hazlitt.⁵ It presents this specimen of Hazlitt's gentle irony :

Some people say, that Mr. Southey has deserted the cause of liberty : Mr. Coleridge tells us, that he has not separated from his wife. They say, that he has changed his opinions : Mr. Coleridge says, that he keeps his appointments. . . . It is also objected, that the worthy Laureate was as extravagant in his early writings, as he is virulent in his present ones : Mr. Coleridge answers, that he is an early riser, and not a late sitter up.

¹ Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Writings*, vol. i, p. 74.

² *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxv, p. 362.

³ *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, vol. ii, p. 128.

⁴ The internal evidence in favour of Hazlitt's authorship was discussed in the *Review of English Studies* for October, 1928 (vol. iv, pp. 392-3).

⁵ See Waller and Glover's remarks in their edition of Hazlitt (vol. x, p. 419).

It is further alleged, that he is arrogant and shallow in political discussion, and clamours for vengeance in a cowardly and intemperate tone: Mr. Coleridge assures us, that he eats, drinks, and sleeps moderately. It is said that he must either have been very hasty in taking up his first opinions, or very unjustifiable in abandoning them for their contraries; and Mr. Coleridge observes, that Mr. Southey exhibits, in his own person and family, all the regularity and praiseworthy punctuality of an eight-day clock.¹

The same rhetorical device is employed by Macaulay. Replying to certain arguments used in defence of the conduct of Charles I, he says:

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted prelates; and the defence is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are told that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

Having thus been led to Hazlitt, we may turn at once to the *Lectures on the English Poets*, which must mark the final stage of this inquiry. The investigation here is complicated by the fact that considerable sections of Hazlitt's lectures were extracted from former articles of his own in the *Edinburgh Review*: principally those entitled "Sismondi's *Literature of the South*," "Schlegel on the Drama," and "Coleridge's Literary Life."² We may be certain that Macaulay had read these articles, for he had never, since his early childhood, missed any number of the *Edinburgh Review*; and the appearance of Hazlitt's *English Poets*, about the time when he went up to Cambridge, would give him an opportunity of refreshing his memory of certain passages. In his review of Sismondi's work Hazlitt concludes some observations on Tasso with this reflection:

Milton was the first poet who had the magnanimity to paint the devil without horns and a tail: to give him personal beauty and intellectual grandeur, with only moral deformity.³

¹ *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxviii, pp. 493-4.

² *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxv, p. 31; vol. xxvi, p. 67; vol. xxviii, p. 488.

³ *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxv, p. 75.

The remark is repeated, with some slight expansion, in the lecture on Milton in the *English Poets*, and invites comparison with one of Macaulay's observations on Milton's supernatural beings :

His fiends, in particular, are wonderful creations. They are not metaphysical abstractions. They are not wicked men. They have no horns, no tails, none of the fee-faw-fum¹ of Tasso and Klopstock.

Again, in his lecture *On Chaucer and Spenser*, Hazlitt says, after referring to West's painting of Milton's figure of Death : " Death is an ugly customer, who will not be invited to supper, or to sit for his picture."² This allusion to the legendary Don Juan would occur naturally to Hazlitt, for he had on two occasions in 1817 witnessed a performance of Mozart's opera, *Don Giovanni*.³ That Macaulay should make the same comparison, unless he was indebted to Hazlitt, admits of no such obvious explanation. In contrasting the fiends of Dante with those of Milton, he says of the former : " We could, like Don Juan, invite them to supper, and eat heartily in their company."

In the early paragraphs concerned with the general characteristics of Milton's poetry Macaulay expresses ideas which Hazlitt had not only anticipated in the *English Poets* but conveyed by means of the same metaphors. In the first case, the resemblance is apparent at a glance. Macaulay is speaking of the technical skill, combined with creative vigour, displayed by Milton in his Latin poems, and continues :

Never were such marked originality and such exquisite mimicry found together. . . . So intense and ardent was the fire of his mind, that it not only was not suffocated beneath the weight of fuel, but penetrated the whole superincumbent mass with its own heat and radiance.

Hazlitt had said in his lecture *On Shakespeare and Milton* :

He is a writer of centos, and yet in originality scarcely inferior to Homer. The power of his mind is stamped on every line. The fervour of his imagination melts down and renders malleable, as in a furnace, the most contradictory materials.⁴

¹ The word Fee-fa-fum, used as a substantive, occurs in the review of *Melmoth the Wanderer* already mentioned. From the account given by the *N.E.D.* it appears probable that this form of the *fie, foh, and fumme* of *King Lear*, or the *fi, fi, fo, and fum* of Childe Rowland, was suggested to the reviewer of *Melmoth* by the *fee, fa, fum* of Dryden's *Amphitryon*.

² Hazlitt's *Works* (ed. Waller and Glover), vol. v, p. 34.

³ In April and May 1817. See Hazlitt's *Works*, vol. viii, p. 362 ; vol. xi, p. 307.

⁴ Hazlitt's *Works* (ed. Waller and Glover), vol. v, p. 58.

The second instance leads us back, momentarily, to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. Macaulay gives as his opinion that

the most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton is the extreme remoteness of the associations by means of which it acts on the reader. Its effect is produced, not so much by what it expresses, as by what it suggests; not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them. He electrifies the mind through conductors.

The same thought occurs, a little later in the essay, in his defence of Milton's method of portraying superhuman beings, in the course of which he speaks of

the peculiar art which he possessed of communicating his meaning circuitously through a long succession of associated ideas and of intimating more than he expressed.

This last observation, together with the metaphor drawn from electrical conductors, can be traced to the following passage in the essay on *The Athenian Orators*, where, it will be observed, Macaulay is speaking not of Milton's poetry in particular but of poetry in the abstract:

Truth is the object of philosophy and history. Truth is the object even of those works which are peculiarly called works of fiction, but which in fact bear the same relation to history which algebra bears to arithmetic. The merit of poetry, in its wildest forms, still consists in its truth—truth conveyed to the understanding, not directly by the words, but circuitously by means of imaginative associations, which serve as its conductors.¹

It is a curious coincidence, if it is nothing more, that Hazlitt, in his introductory lecture *On Poetry in General*, had glanced at the relation between poetry and works of fiction, and, like Macaulay when engaged on the same theme, had been led to the image of the electrical conductors. Hazlitt, after admitting that Bunyan and Defoe are poets in virtue of their power "to strike and fix the imagination," approaches the question whether, with this broader signification, Richardson deserves the title of a poet. As an illustration of his reasons for dismissing the claim, he says of Clarissa:

She is interesting in her ruffles, in her gloves, her samplers, her aunts and uncles,—she is interesting in all that is uninteresting. Such things, however intensely they may be brought home to us, are not conductors to the imagination.²

¹ Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Writings* (1860), vol. i, pp. 134-5.

² Hazlitt's *Works* (ed. Waller and Glover), vol. v, p. 15.

The last point to be considered has an interest of its own, irrespective of its value as evidence. In the controversies of the age of Matthew Arnold much was heard of "Macaulay's theory 'that, as civilisation advances, poetry almost necessarily declines.'"¹ The terms in which that theory is expounded leave no doubt that Macaulay believed it to be original, but it had been anticipated by Hazlitt by more than ten years. Macaulay, it will be remembered, "cannot understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of literary faith, that the earliest poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception," and proceeds :

The fact is, that common observers reason from the progress of the experimental sciences to that of the imitative arts. The improvement of the former is gradual and slow. Ages are spent in collecting materials, ages more in separating and combining them. Even when a system has been formed, there is still something to add, to alter, or to reject. Every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits that hoard, augmented by fresh acquisitions, to future ages. In these pursuits, therefore, the first speculators lie under great disadvantages, and, even when they fail, are entitled to praise. Their pupils, with far inferior intellectual powers, speedily surpass them in actual attainments. . . .

But it is not thus with music, with painting, or with sculpture. Still less is it thus with poetry. The progress of refinement rarely supplies these arts with better objects of imitation. It may indeed improve the instruments which are necessary to the mechanical operations of the musician, the sculptor, and the painter. But language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state. Nations, like individuals, first perceive and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical, that of a half-civilised people is poetical.

In his article on Sismondi in the *Edinburgh Review*, and again, with some slight verbal alterations, in his lecture *On Shakespeare and Milton*, in the *English Poets*, Hazlitt had argued the case in these terms :

In looking back to the *chef d'œuvres* of former times, we are sometimes disposed to wonder at the little progress which has been made since in poetry, and the arts of imitation in general. But this, perhaps, is a foolish wonder. Nothing is more contrary to fact, than the supposition, that in

¹ It is not easy to quote chapter and verse in support of the belief that this theory is commonly attributed to Macaulay, but if evidence were required I could refer to Courthope's lecture, already mentioned, in which Macaulay's proposition is described as a "gigantic paradox," and examined at some length.

what we understand by the fine arts, as painting and poetry, relative perfection is the result of repeated success ; and that, what has been once well done, constantly leads to something better. What is mechanical, reducible to rule, capable of demonstration, is indeed progressive, and admits of gradual improvement ; but that which is not mechanical or definite, but depends on taste, genius, and feeling, very soon becomes stationary or retrograde, after a certain period, and loses more than it gains by transfusion. The contrary opinion is indeed a common error, which has grown up, like many others, from transferring an analogy of one kind to something quite different, without thinking of the difference in the nature of the things, or attending to the difference of the results . . . Science, and the arts connected with it, have all had their infancy, their youth and manhood, and seem to have in them no principle of limitation or decay ; and, inquiring no further, we infer, in the intoxication of our pride, and the height of our self-congratulation, that the same progress has been made, and will continue to be made, in all other things that are the work of man. The fact, however, stares us so plainly in the face, that one would think the smallest reflection must suggest the truth, and overturn our sanguine theories. The greatest poets, the ablest orators, the best painters, and the finest sculptors that the world ever saw, appeared soon after the birth of these arts, and lived in a state of society which was in other respects rude and barbarous. Those arts which depend on individual genius and incommunicable power, have almost always leapt at once from infancy to manhood—from the first rude dawn of invention to their meridian height and dazzling lustre, and have, in general, declined ever after.¹

These resemblances may, or may not, be held to justify the belief that Macaulay was influenced unconsciously by Hazlitt. They will not be devoid of interest even to those who reject that conclusion, for they will be taken as signs of a magical harmony of spirit.

¹ Hazlitt's *Works* (ed. Waller and Glover), vol. v, pp. 44-45.

COLERIDGE AND THE WEDGWOOD ANNUITY

BY EARL LESLIE GRIGGS

THERE has been considerable misunderstanding about the £150 annuity which Thomas and Josiah Wedgwood gave Samuel Taylor Coleridge in 1798; and because Josiah Wedgwood in 1812 withdrew his share of the gift there has been a tendency to cast slurs on his reputation for his supposedly unethical action.¹ Through the kindness of Frank H. Wedgwood, Esq., of Etruria, Staffordshire, I have had placed at my disposal the manuscripts relative to the affair, and I am enabled not only to throw further light on the transaction, but to exonerate Josiah Wedgwood as well.

In December 1797, hearing that Coleridge was about to accept the incumbency of the Unitarian Chapel at Shrewsbury, Tom and Josiah Wedgwood sent him a draft for £100, in order that he might not handicap his genius by restrictive work. Coleridge immediately accepted,² as the following letter³ shows:

Decemb. 27th, 1797.

DEAR SIR,

I received your letter, with the enclosed order yesterday. You have relieved me from a state of hesitation & perplexity; and have given me the tranquillity & leisure of independence for the next two years. I am not deficient in the ordinary feelings of gratitude to you and Mr. T. Wedgwood; but I shall not find them oppressive or painful, if in the course of that time I shall have been acquiring knowledge for myself, or com-

¹ "Josiah Wedgwood's present action [his cancellation of the annuity] is unaccountable save on the assumption that he had forgotten the terms of his letter of Jan. 10, 1798. But this assumption is hardly tenable, . . . I am driven to the conclusion that the withdrawal was a high-handed proceeding" (Campbell, J. D., *Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a Narrative of the Events of his Life* (1894), 192-3). Another critic blames Coleridge rather than Wedgwood: "But ten years had passed, . . . and gifts so well-intentioned had, as it were, ministered to evil rather than to good. . . . Viewed dispassionately, the act was justified." (Meteyard, E., *A Group of Englishmen* (1871), 378-9.) Cf. also *Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* [E. H. Coleridge] (1895), vol. ii, 611 note.

² As Coleridge's biographers have not had access to this letter they have assumed that his letter of January 5, 1798, was his first response to the Wedgwoods. It was in fact written nine days later.

³ This letter and those which follow may be seen at the Wedgwood Museum, Etruria, Staffordshire.

municating it to others ; if either in act or preparation I shall have been contributing my quota to the cause of Truth & Honesty—

I am

With great respect & affection

Your obliged etc.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Stowey
near Bridgewater.

A few days later, having carefully considered the matter, Coleridge returned the money in a long letter, often referred to but never published, of which Tom Poole made the copy in the British Museum.¹ The letter, despite its length, is of sufficient interest to be included in this paper.

Stowey near Bridgewater,
Jan. 5th, 1798.

DEAR SIR,

By the inclosed you will understand the occasion of this letter. Your Brother and yourself will be pleased with my conduct, if I shall make it appear probable to you, that the purposes, for which you sent and I accepted so large a Bill, will be better answered by my returning than by my retaining it. You wished to remove those urgent motives which might make it necessary for me to act in opposition to my principles: you wished to give me leisure for the improvement of my Talents at the same time that my mind should be preserved free from any professional Bias which might pervert, or at least hamper, the exertion of them. I will state to you with great simplicity all that has passed thro' my mind on these subjects. The affectionate esteem, with which I regard your character, makes this openness pleasant to me: and your kindness seems to have authorised the freedom, which I am about to take in being so diffuse concerning my own affairs.

If a Man considered himself as acting in opposition to his principles *then only* when he gave his example or support to actions and institutions, the existence of which produces *unmingled* evil he might perhaps with a safe conscience perpetrate any crime and become a member of any Order. If on the other hand a man should make it *his principle* to abstain from all modes of conduct, the general practice of which was not permanently useful, or at least absolutely harmless, he must live, an isolated Being: his furniture, his servants, his very cloathes are intimately connected with Vice and Misery. To preserve therefore our moral feelings without withdrawing ourselves from active life, we should, I imagine, endeavour to discover those evils in society which are the most pressing, and those of which the immediate Removal appears the most practicable: to the

¹ British Museum, Additional Manuscripts, 35, 343, ff. 160-162. Poole's copy agrees in almost every particular with the MS. letter. Miss Meteyard says the prudential reasons which Coleridge gives in this letter "were those of his wife or Poole rather than his own." (Meteyard, E., *A Group of Englishmen* (1871), 93.) but I see no reason for her statement.

removal of these we should concenter our energies, for the removal of them be prepared to make any sacrifices. In other things we *must* compound with a large quantity of evil—taking care to select from the modes of conduct, which may be within our choice, those in which we can do the most good with the least evil. Now I shall apply this to myself. As far as I am able to decide, the most pressing evils & those of which the speedy removal is the most practicable, are these—the union of Religion with the Government, and those other political Institutions and abuses which I need not name ; but which not only produce much evil directly & per se, but likewise perpetuate the causes of most other evils. Do not think me boastful when I assert that rather than in any way support any of these, I would undergo Poverty, Dependence, and even Death. There remain within my choice two Sources of Subsistence : the Press and the Ministry. Now as to the Press, I gain at present a guinea a week by writing to the Morning Post—and as my expenses, living as I now do, will not exceed 100*£* a year—or but little more, even including the annual 20*£*, for which my wife's mother has a necessity—I could by means of your kindness subsist for the two next years, & enjoy leisure & external comfort. But anxiety for the future would remain & increase, as it is probable my children will come fast on me : and the Press, considered as a Trade, is perhaps only not the worst occupation for a man who would wish to preserve any delicacy of moral feeling. The few weeks I have written for the Morning Post, I have felt thus—Something must be written & written immediately—if any important Truth, any striking beauty, occur to my mind, I feel a repugnance at sending it garbled to a newspaper : and if any idea of ludicrous personality, or apt anti-ministerial joke, crosses me, I feel a repugnance at rejecting it, because *something must be written*, and nothing else suitable occurs. The longer I continue a hired paragraph-scribbler, the more powerful these Temptations will become ; and indeed nothing scarcely that has not a *tang* of personality or *vindictive* feeling, is pleasing or interesting, I apprehend, to my Employers. Of all things I most dislike party-politics—yet this sort of gypsie jargon I am compelled to fire away. To the *Ministry* I adduced the following objections at the time that I decided against entering into it. It makes one's livelihood hang upon the profession of *particular opinions* : and tends therefore to warp the intellectual faculty ; to fasten convictions on the mind by the agency of it's wishes ; and if Reason should at length dis sever them, it presents strong motives to Falsehood or Simulation. Secondly, as the subscriptions of the Congregation form the revenue, the Minister is under an inducement to adapt his moral exhortations to their wishes rather than to their needs. (Poor Pilkington of Derby was, I believe, obliged to resign on account of his sermons respecting Riches & Rich Men.) Thirdly, the routine of Duty brings on a certain sectarian mannerism, which generally narrows the Intellect itself, and always narrows the sphere of its operation. In answer to these objections it may be observed : first, that I see the contingency of these evils very distinctly, and in proportion to my clear perception of them it is probable that I shall be able to guard against them. Secondly, the Press, considered as a *Trade*, presents still

greater temptations—& this is not a controversy concerning absolute, but concerning *comparative* good. Thirdly, the income of that place, which is now offered to me, does not depend on the congregation; but is an estate. This weakens certainly, tho' as certainly does not remove, the second objection. Fourthly—The principal of these objections are weak or strong in proportion to the care & impartiality with which the particular opinions had been formed previously to the assumption of the ministerial office; in as much as the probability of a change in these opinions is therefore proportionally lessened. Now, not only without any desire of becoming an hired Teacher in any sect but with decisive intentions to the contrary I have studied the subject of natural & revealed religion—I have read the works of the celebrated Infidels—I have conversed long, & seriously, & dispassionately with Infidels of great Talents & information —& most assuredly, my faith in Christianity has been confirmed rather than staggered. In teaching it therefore, at present, whether I act *beneficently* or no, I shall certainly act *benevolently*. Fifthly—The *necessary* creed in our sect is but short—it will be necessary for me, in order to my continuance as an Unitarian Minister to believe that Jesus Christ was the Messiah—in all other points I may play off my Intellect *ad libitum*. Sixthly—that altho' we ought not to brave temptations in order to shew our strength, yet it would be slothful and cowardly to retire from an employment, because tho' there *are* no temptations at present, there *may be* some hereafter.—In favor of my assuming the ministerial office it may be truly said, that it will give me a regular income sufficient to free me from all anxiety respecting my absolute wants, yet not large enough to exempt me from motives, even of a pecuniary nature, for literary exertion. I can afford to dedicate three or twice three years to *some one work*, which *may be* of benefit to society, and will certainly be uninjurious to my own moral character: for I shall be positive at least that there is no falsehood or immorality in it proceeding from haste or necessity—If I do enter on this office, it will be at Shrewsbury—I shall be surrounded by a fine country, no mean ingredient in the composition of a poet's happiness—I shall have at least five days in every week of perfect leisure—120*l.* a year—a good house, valued at 30*l.* a year—and if I should die & without any culpable negligence or extravagance have left my family in want, the Congregations are in the habit of becoming the guardians. Add to this, that by Law I shall be exempted from military service—to which, Heaven only knows how soon we may be dragged. For I think it not improbable, that in case of an invasion our government will serve all, whom they choose to suspect of disaffection, in the same way that good King David served Uriah—"set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest Battle, & retire ye from him, that he may be smitten & die." I do not wish to conceal from you that I have suffered more from fluctuation of mind on this occasion than on any former occasion: and even now I have scarcely courage to decide absolutely. It is chilling to go among *strangers*—& I leave a lovely country, and one friend so eminently near to my affections that his Society has almost been consolidated with my ideas of happiness.¹ However—I

¹ Tom Poole.

shall go to Shrewsbury, remain a little while amongst the congregation : if no new argument arise against the Ministerial office, and if the old ones assume no new strength, there I shall certainly pitch my *tents*, & *probably* shall build up my permanent Dwelling. Whatever is conducive to a man's real comforts is in the same degree conducive to his utility—a permanent income not inconsistent with my religious or political creeds, I find necessary to my quietness—without it I should be a prey to anxiety, and anxiety with me always induces Sickness, and too often Sloth : as an overdose of Stimulus proves a narcotic.

You will let me know of the arrival of the Bill : and it would give me very great pleasure to hear, that I had not forfeited your esteem by first accepting, & now returning it. I acted, each time, from the purest motives possible on such an occasion : for my public usefulness being incompatible with personal vexations, an enlightened Selfishness was in this case the only species of Benevolence left to me.

Believe me, dear Sir, with no ordinary feelings of esteem and affection for you & your family,

sincerely yours,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Tom and Josiah Wedgwood, recognising the validity of Coleridge's reasoning, offered him an annuity for life ; their letter has been published.¹ Campbell, Coleridge's best biographer, makes several quotations from the letter ;² and it will be well to include the general terms here, as we shall refer to them later :

... We mean the annuity to be independent of everything but the wreck of our fortune, an event which we hope is not very likely to happen, though it must in these times be regarded as more than a bare possibility.³

Coleridge, deeply grateful, acknowledged and accepted the annuity in the following letter :—

DEAR SIR,

Yesterday morning I received the letter which you addressed to me in your own and your brother's name. Your benevolence appeared so strange & it came upon my mind with such suddenness, that for a while I sat and mused on it with scarce a reference to myself, and gave you a moral approbation almost wholly unmingled with those personal feelings which have since filled my eyes with tears—which do so even now while I am writing to you. What can I say ? I accept your proposal not unagitated but yet, I trust, in the same worthy spirit in which you made it. —I return to Stowey in a few days. Disembarrassed from all pecuniary anxieties yet unshackled by any regular profession, with powerful motives & no less powerful propensities to honourable effort, it is my duty to

¹ Litchfield, R. B., *Tom Wedgwood, the First Photographer* (1903), 56.

² *Ibid.* 56.

³ Campbell, J. D., *S. T. Coleridge, Life* (1894), 83.

indulge the hope that at some future period I shall have given a proof that as your intentions were eminently virtuous, so the action itself was not unbeneficent.

With great affection & esteem
I remain

Shrewsbury,
Jan. 17th, 1798.

Yours sincerely
S. T. COLERIDGE.¹

Tom Wedgwood, to the great grief of Coleridge, who was in Malta at the time, died in 1805; but before he died he left a provision in his will that Coleridge should be paid £75 annually (Tom Wedgwood's share of the annuity) for life.² Then in 1812 Josiah Wedgwood discontinued his share of the annuity; and the assumption has been that disgust with Coleridge for unrealised objectives, abortive literary achievements, and deadened volitional powers led to this action. This, however, is not the case.

The director of the Wedgwood Museum at Etruria, where may be found all the Wedgwood documents and accounts in existence, estimates that Wedgwood had lost at least £120,784 9s. 11½d. by the year 1811.³ Surely this is a sufficient "wreck of our fortune" to warrant any economical measures; but though Josiah Wedgwood moved to Etruria from Maer Hall to save money, he did not arbitrarily discontinue his share of the annuity to Coleridge. On the contrary, he wrote the following letter, putting forth his views and asking Coleridge to write him without reserve:—

Etruria, Novr. 9, 1812.

DEAR SIR,

When I joined with my brother Thomas, some years ago, in giving you an annuity of One hundred and fifty pounds it was not likely that I should ever find it inconvenient to continue the payment. My circumstances are now, however, so much changed that the payment of my share of that sum annually diminishes my capital, for my expenses have for some time exceeded my income. I mention this to you with perfect openness, and in the same spirit I add that my continuing the payment will depend upon its appearing that I am bound in honour to do so. I hope you will write to me without reserve on this subject.

I am

Dear Sir

Sincerely yours
JOS. WEDGWOOD.⁴

¹ Unpublished letter, Etruria.

² "... And I do hereby order and direct that the said annuity or yearly Sum of Seventy-five pounds shall be paid to the said Samuel Taylor Coleridge. . . ." From Thomas Wedgwood's will, Somerset House.

³ The documents from which this estimate was made may be examined and the contention verified.

⁴ Not the original, but a copy kept by Wedgwood.

Nor was Coleridge unmoved or forgetful of his obligations, as his answer shows :—

71, Berners Street
Oxford Street
1 Decemb, 1812.

DEAR SIR,

I should deem myself indeed unworthy of your and your revered Brother's past munificence, if I had had any other feeling than that of Grief from your letter : or if I looked forward to any other or higher Comfort, than the confident Hope that (if God extend my life another year) I shall have a claim to an acknowledgement from you, that I have not misemployed my past years, or wasted that leisure which I have owed to you, and for which I must cease to be before I can cease to feel most grateful.—Permit me to assure you, that had *The Friend* succeeded instead of bringing on me embarrassment & a loss of more than 200*g* from the non-payment of the Subscriptions, or had my lectures done more than merely pay my Board in town, it was my intention to have resigned my claims on your Bounty—and I am sure, that I shall have your good wishes in my behalf, when I tell you that I have had a Play accepted at Drury Lane, which is to come out at Christmas, and of the success of which both Manager, Comm.-Men, & actors speak sanguinely. If I succeed in this, it will not only open out a smooth & not dishonorable road to competence, but give me heart & spirits (still more necessary than time) to bring into shape the fruits of 20 years study & observation.

Cruelly, I well know, have I been calumniated : & even my faults (the sinking under the sense of which has been itself perhaps one of the greatest) have been attributed to dispositions absolutely opposite to the real ones—&—and I beseech you, interpret it as a burst of thankfulness & most unfeigned esteem, not of pride, when I declare that to have an annuity settled on me of three times or thrice three times the amount, would not afford me such pleasure, as the restoration of your esteem & Friendship
for your deeply obliged

S. T. COLERIDGE.

P.S.—Since the receipt of your letter I have been confined by illness, till last Tuesday, with a nervous depression that rendered me incapable of answering it, or rather fearful of trusting myself.¹

In his answer Wedgwood shows a shrewd understanding of Coleridge and a kindly interest in him.

DEAR SIR,

To hear of any good happening to you will never fail to excite the greatest pleasure in me. I have never ceased to feel most kindly towards you, and I believe I shall always retain the impressions that have been made in me by our former intimacy, of your genius and of your tender and deep feelings. We have however lived so long without meeting,

¹ Unpublished letter, Etruria.

and our pursuits and characters are so dissimilar, that I cannot form a hope that we can again feel towards each other as we have done.

I can assure you with perfect sincerity that I do not believe that any communications have ever been made to me respecting you from a desire of injuring your character in my estimation. It would be unworthy of you & of myself to conceal that I have heard circumstances of your habits which have given me pain with a reference to their effect on your activity & happiness, but they have been called forth by my inquiries & have been told with the delicacy & respect due to you.

Accept my warmest wishes for your welfare and particularly for the success of your play——¹

[Unsigned.]

The discontinuance of his share of the annuity by Josiah Wedgwood was not then, as Campbell says, "a high-handed proceeding,"² but rather the result of a serious loss of fortune and of a mutual agreement between himself and Coleridge.

In 1817 negotiations were carried on between Josiah Wedgwood and Mrs. Samuel Taylor Coleridge to make a formal arrangement whereby the annuity left by Tom Wedgwood might be paid directly to her, instead of through Coleridge's hands.³ Her letter to Wedgwood is of interest.

Keswick, Jany 21st 1817.

DEAR SIR,

I hope the delay of a few days will make no difference in the acknowledgment of your favour: I waited to be informed of my husband's present place of residence, as I was not certain whether he was with Mr. Gilman, Surgeon, Highgate; or at Calne in Wilts. with his friend Mr. Morgan.

I will write to him for the letter you require, & hope he will immediately comply with my request; but as he is, I regret to say, in the habit of delaying to open letters when he is unwell, I must beg of your kindness just to write me three lines saying you have not received the same, & I will depute Mr. Gilman, or some other friend to speak to him upon the subject: if, however, I hear nothing from you, Sir in the course of a few weeks, I may conclude the business is done.

It will be exceedingly distressing to me, if any neglect on the part of Mr. C. should prevent my drawing at the usual time; & this, dear Sir, you will readily [sic] admit when you are told that this annuity is all that I have to *depend upon* for the support of myself, my youngest son, & my daughter, except a small annuity, from a friend to assist in the education of the former, which will cease when he is 18—he is in his 17th year.

¹ A copy; no date, but on the back appears, "To S. T. Coleridge, Dec. 5—1812."

² Campbell, J. D., *Coleridge, Life* (1894), 192.

³ Josiah Wedgwood's letters to Mrs. Coleridge on this subject do not seem to be extant.

My eldest son, Hartley leaves us this day on his return to Merton-College, Oxford, where he is supported by the kind assistance of his Uncles at Ottery, & of his friend Ly Beaumont [sic]—with an yearly present from Mr. Poole, of Stowey.

I beg leave to return my warmest thanks to you for the trouble you have taken for my accommodation : & for all the benefits I have received from your goodness, & to beg your excuse for having troubled you with a statement of my circumstances, and remain

Dear Sir, your truly obliged,

S. COLERIDGE.

P.S.—Will it be necessary to make any difference in the form of the Draft except in the Bankers' address ? I suppose I must write, "per procuration," instead of "on account of"—this I conjecture is your wish.¹

That Coleridge was not provoked at Wedgwood for his action, (and he could not justly be so) and that he was anxious to retain his former benefactor's good will, the following letter shows :—

DEAR SIR,

According to the tenor of your kind note to Mrs. Coleridge, I place at her disposal whatever your and your Brother's kindness have placed at mine—and in all respects beg that her signature and her's alone be received as authority for the payment of the seventy five Pounds made payable to me by the will of my revered Benefactor, Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, and the right of continuing to draw for which I transfer and continue to her.

I have ordered my two pamphlets under the name of Lay-sermons, which with the appendices make a sizable volume, to be put up, as soon as the sheets, which are now all printed off, are dry enough—and they will be left at your House in town, of which I entreat your acceptance, as the copies will have been corrected by myself. My *Literary Life*, and *Sibylline Leaves* (a volume of Poems) ought to have been published a year and a half ago : for so long has it been since the Printer received the last sheet of the Manuscript. I shall not trouble [you] with the detail of my vexations—the Delays have in no one instance been owing to me—but the business is now in the hands of Men of Business (the House of Gale and Fenner) and I have hopes given me that the work which is two very thick volumes, will be out in a month or six weeks—and will be followed by the refaccimento [sic] of the *Friend*, in three small volumes, of which the first is nearly printed—In *form* it is quite a new work—and in substance almost half is fresh matter.—At the end of the former work (the *Literary Life*) you will find the particulars of the great work, to the acquiring and preparing the materials of which I have devoted all the Time and thought in my power for the last fifteen years. My present plan is to divide my Time, and one half to employ in the various departments of the work last spoken of, and the other in the compilation and composition of School

¹ Unpublished letter, Etruria.

Books, and other works for young persons in the course of a liberal Education.

My fervent wishes and best respects never cease to attend on yourself and all near and dear to you. And believe me, dear Sir, with the highest esteem and the deepest sense of my manifold obligations to you

Your grateful and obliged

S. T. COLERIDGE.¹

6 February 1817.

Wedgwood's answer is typical of his kindly nature and is a fitting conclusion to the relationship between the two men :

Etruria 20 May 1817.

DEAR SIR,

I have received your letter authorising Mrs. Coleridge to draw for your annuity under my brother's will.

I am much obliged by the kind present of your two pamphlets and by the friendly information you give me relative to your studies. My time & thoughts are pretty exclusively taken up by my business, which is now in that distressing state, that it does not afford full occupation to my work people, and they are consequently suffering from poverty. This want of employment they have only lately felt but I look forward with much anxiety, for I see no likelihood of their condition being soon mended, but on the contrary I fear it will be much worse. We have had an itinerant reformer amongst us, who collected very peaceable crowds & who signed petitions. He also made a collection & it would appear that preaching reform is his livelihood.

Accept my sincere wishes for your welfare & believe me

Dear Sir

Very truly yours

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.²

The conclusions to be drawn are, therefore, first, that Wedgwood's discontinuance of the annuity was due to financial reverses ; second, that there was no ill-feeling on either side ; third, that Coleridge and his wife were to the end grateful to Josiah Wedgwood as their benefactor, and felt no cause for complaint, though Campbell thinks their silence particularly virtuous.³

The University of Michigan.

¹ Unpublished letter, Etruria.

² A copy, kept by Wedgwood.

³ " . . . Coleridge made no complaint. . . . Neither did she . . . bring any accusation against Wedgwood " (Campbell, J. D., *Coleridge, Life* (1894), 192-3).

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

CHAUCER'S *TROILUS AND CRISEYDE*, V. 1637

THE correctness of Mr. Bonnard's interpretation of the above passage¹ is easily shown by a comparison with its source. Speaking of the "new love" which Troilus suspects in Criseyde, Boccaccio says:

Al quale amor raccorciata la fede
Aveva molto, siccom' egli avviene,
Che colui ch' ama mal volentier crede
Cosa che cresca amando le sue pene.

(*Il Filostrato*, VIII, stanza 7).

In addition, the rhyme with "greve" requires a close vowel. This is given us by "leve" from OE. *liefan*, *lēfan*; but not by "leve" from OE. *lāfan*, which in Chaucer rhymes only with open vowels, e.g. with "deve," *Cant. Tales*, G. 287, and "bireve," *Troilus*, I. 686.

If by "though him greve," Chaucer means "even though he suffer from his love," as Mr. Bonnard suggests, he is introducing a new thought. Possibly he arrived at it by taking "cosa," not as the object of "crede," but as in apposition to the whole sentence, and understood the line to mean "a state which increases the pains of the lover."

MABEL DAY.

CHAUCER AND GREENE

AN interesting parallel to a bit of proverb lore in Chaucer may be found in *Greenes Farewell to Folly*. It has to do with the comparison of old men to leeks. Oswald the Reve, in the prologue to his tale, makes a confession with regard to himself and other old men:

We olde men, I drede, so fare we;
Til we be roten, can we nat be rype;
We hoppen ay, whyl that the world wol pype.

¹ *R.E.S.*, vol. v, pp. 323-4.

For in oure wil ther stiketh ever a nayl,
 To have an hoor heed and a grene tayl,
 As hath a leek ; for thogh our might be goon,
 Our wil desireth folie ever in oon.¹

Likewise in the *Farewell to Folly*, we find :

Peratio who meant to be pleasant with the olde Countie, tolde him that he had learned this fruit in Astronomie, that the influence of *Venus* and *Saturn* kept the same constellation to inferre as wel age as youth, and that repect and experience had taught him, that *olde men were like leekes gray headed, and oft greene tailde*, that they would finde one foote at the doore for a young wife, when the other stumbled in the graue to death. . . .²

This does not mean that Greene necessarily got the allusion from Chaucer. In view of the fact, however, that Miss Spurgeon has listed some four or five Chaucerian references from Greene's works, it seems quite likely that he has done so. It is interesting to note in this same connection that Chaucer and other old poets were being ransacked for diction by the Elizabethans. Professor McKnight has recently pointed out that "Archaic expressions from Chaucer were revived. 'The fine courtier,' says Wilson, 'will talke nothing but Chaucer.'"³

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TWO "UNCERTAIN AUTHORS" IN TOTTEL'S MISCELLANY AND THE PARADISE

IN *A Tract on the Succession to the Crown* (A.D. 1602) (ed. C. R. Markham, Roxburghe Club, 1880, pp. 74-75), Sir John Harington, addressing Robert Parsons, the Jesuit, remarks :

First therefore for your great love to my Lo. of Essex, his father and Graundfather, see how you and I might shake handes, I that when I

¹ *Canterbury Tales*, A 3874-3879. Italics mine.

² Robert Greene, *Works*, ed. Grosart, Huth Library, vol. ix, pp. 322-323. Italics mine, except *Peratio*, *Venus*, and *Saturn*.

³ George H. McKnight, *Modern English in the Making* (New York and London, 1928), p. 122; cf. pp. 144, 148-149. This proverb is not listed by M. P. Tilley in *Elizabethan Proverb Lore* (New York, 1926). Besides being in the *Farewell to Folly* (1591), however, the proverb later is met in John Davies of Hereford, *The Scourge of Folly* (1611?), Ep. 24. Professor E. P. Kuhl has shown a similar parallel between a line in the Wife of Bath's Prologue and a line in a rather lascivious poem by Nash. Cf. "Chaucer and Thomas Nash," *L.T.L.S.*, November 5, 1925, p. 739.

first mett with your book was in Ireland with him, I that in xxth yeares omitted no office of a kynde freind to him, I that had a father who wrote thus of his grandfather

*A Cato for ¹ his head, his witt was surely suche,
Theseus freindshippe was not so great, but Deevrux was as much.*

Which verse hath bene often applied to his Graunchilde's head by her [Queen Elizabeth] that might have saved his head, and wisheth as many think now she had done so.

The foregoing lines are quoted (somewhat inexactly) from the poem "Of the death of master Deuerox the lord Ferres sonne" in Tottel's *Miscellany* (ed. Rollins, p. 123, ll. 18-19), thus unquestionably proving—what *Nugæ Antiquæ* has led many to suppose—that John Harington the elder was one of the "uncertain authors" represented in that volume.

The 1585-1606 editions of *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (ed. Rollins, pp. 129-130) reprint a poem called "A young Gentleman willing to trauell into forreygne partes. . . . Wrote as followeth," and beginning "Who seekes the way to winne renowne," the authorship of which has not heretofore been pointed out. A somewhat changed version is preserved in Add. MS. 2497, whence it was printed in R. N. Worth's *West Country Garland*, 1875, pp. 3-5, and Edmund Goldsmid's *Bibliotheca Curiosa*, II (1886), 71-72. These authorities assign the poem to Sir Richard Grenville (†1550), a kinsman (according to the *D.N.B.*, the grandfather) of the heroic Grenville of the *Revenge*, and give it the date of *circa* 1543.

HYDER E. ROLLINS.

A MISUNDERSTOOD TOPICAL MASQUE METAPHOR IN MASSINGER

MASSINGER's *The Bondman* was licensed for performance by the Queen of Bohemia's Players at the Cockpit on December 3, 1623. It presents numerous topical allusions, but only one of them seems to have been gravely misread, and that for the reason that its allusiveness has escaped notice. In Act v, sc. 3, Marullo, in throwing off his disguise, says:

Let fury then disperse the clouds, in which
I long have mask'd disguised.

¹ *Misprinted for.*

Notwithstanding that these lines are identical in both of the old quartos, Gifford, in editing the play, deliberately altered "mask'd" to "march'd." In this we have an excellent object-lesson regarding the danger of the highly plausible emendation, for there is topicality in the metaphor, and "mask'd" is correct. When he was writing the passage, Massinger recalled to mind one of the scenic features of Jonson's *Time Vindicated to Himself and to his Honours*, A Prince's masque, performed at Court on January 19, 1622-3. Sir Henry Herbert, in his record of this production, writes :

The speeches and songs composed by Mr. Ben. Johnson, and the scene made by Mr. Inigo Jones, which was three tymes changed during the tyme of the masque : where in the first that was discovered was a perspective of Whitehall, with the Banqueting House ; the second was the Masquers in a cloud ; and the third a forrest " (J. Q. Adams, *Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, p. 50).

Of the masque, Chamberlain wrote a few days later that Inigo got the lion's share of the praise for "the handsome conveyance and varietie of the scene," the main reason, probably, why Jonson, in printing it, was very chary about vouchsafing any particulars of its spectacular features. All he indites about this second scene is, "The MASQUERS are discovered and that which obscured them vanisheth," but, vague as it is, even this, read in conjunction with Herbert's record, suffices to show whence Massinger got inspiration for his metaphor.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

REVIEWS

La Jeunesse de Swinburne. Tome I. *La Vie*. 267 pp. Tome II. *L'Œuvre*. 618 pp. GEORGES LAFOURCADE . . . Docteur ès-Lettres. Société d'Édition : Les Belles Lettres, Paris. Humphrey Milford : Oxford University Press, London. 1928. 2 vols. 8s. 6d. net each.

THIS is a remarkable piece of work, and, despite its bulk, of absorbing interest for any one who has ever felt the charm of *Poems and Ballads* or, which is more, can find pleasure in studying the development of a great poet's art, in the analysis of his thought and sensibility, of the phases through which his style and verse have passed in the formative period, of the influences which have coloured it in passing, all the more if in the end that art achieved complete independence and individuality. For such Mr. Lafourcade's thesis is invaluable, not alone as a study of Swinburne, but as applicable in its methods to the work of any poet great enough to reward so patient an analysis.

For the purpose of such an exhaustive study Mr. Lafourcade has been rarely fortunate in his access to unpublished or but partially published material allowed to him by Mr. T. J. Wise or unearthed in the British Museum. But he has made an excellent use of his opportunities and has been able to trace with a sure hand, if with some perhaps unavoidable repetition, the strange and complex evolution of the art that shaped, and the spirit that informs, *Atalanta in Calydon*, *Chastelard* and the culminating and epoch-making *Poems and Ballads*. The study closes chronologically with a chapter on *A Song of Italy* and the *Ode on the Insurrection of Crete* as marking the transition from the purely æsthetic to the prophetic and rhetorical poet of the *Songs Before Sunrise*.

Of the two aspects in which one may consider the development of Swinburne's poetry, the spiritual and the formal, the first is the theme of the volume *La Vie* ; but this is supplemented by the analysis of the thought and sensibility of each individual work in the second

volume, *l'Œuvre*, of which the main subject is the complex evolution of the poet's art, his diction and versification. It is this minute analysis of each work in order that gives the impression of repetition. One hears not "once for all," as Mr. Lafourcade says, but more than once and again, of the poet's Sadism and of his, not atheism but rather anti-theism :

Because thou art cruel, and men are piteous,
And our hands labour and thine hand scattereth ;
Lo with heart rent and knees made tremulous,
Lo with ephemeral lips and casual breath,
At least we witness of thee ere we die
That these things are not otherwise but thus ;
That each man in his heart sigheth and sayth,
That all men even as I,
All we are against thee, against thee, O God most high.

It is difficult to avoid repetition on the subject of Swinburne's thought, because it is of so definite and limited a character, so devoid of all sense of the complexity of things, so abstract ; even if that definiteness is a proof of the young poet's courage, his superiority to the shuffling compromises, and apologetic invention of mysteries to disguise some obvious truth, which he criticises in his contemporaries :

Thus runs our wise men's song :
Being dark it must be light ;
And most things are so wrong
That all things must be right ;
God must mean well, he works so ill by human laws.
This, when our souls are drowning,
Falls on them like a benison ;
This satisfies our Browning,
And this delights our Tennyson ;
And soothed Britannia simpers in serene applause.

Mr. Lafourcade's story of the Life is an invaluable supplement to the late Sir Edmund Gosse's brilliant but guarded sketch. Intellectually, at any rate, it is a relief to have the whole truth at last about Swinburne as about Wordsworth and Byron, to be able to estimate aright the measure of actual experience that lies behind the poems. Say what one may, it would be interesting to know why and in what circumstances Shakespeare wrote the *Sonnets*. Nor is this the whole value of the *Life*. By the way in which the writer has presented the different periods, and sketched the personality of Swinburne's friends and acquaintances as they emerge, he has made an important contribution to the history of the Victorian age, the materials for which are accumulating but have not yet been fully

exploited. Of the poet's own personality the picture is still a little incomplete, partly because the author has felt it necessary to emphasise, in opposition to the tendency to ignore, the sensuous and troubled element in Swinburne's passionate but thwarted nature. One gets only occasional glimpses of the more winning side, but there are some. I would select, as examples, three. The first is Birkbeck-Hill's description of the young poet at Oxford: "I wish you knew the little fellow. He is the most enthusiastic fellow I ever met and one of the cleverest. He wanted to read me some of the poems he had written, and have my opinion. They are really very good and he read them with such an earnestness, so truly feeling everything he had written that I for the first time in my life enjoyed hearing the poetry of an amateur." The second is the account of Swinburne's relations with Christina Rossetti (I, pp. 174-6), and the third Swinburne's own description of Elizabeth Siddal Rossetti and his brotherly affection for "a wonderful as well as a most loveable creature." One can but regret with Swinburne that William Michael had not made fuller use of the young poet's reminiscences (I, pp. 191-3).

Morally Swinburne's evil genius would seem, as we learn for the first time, to have been Richard Monckton Milnes, whose "erotic collection of books, engravings, etc., is unrivalled upon earth, unequalled, I should imagine, in heaven. Nothing low, nothing that is not good and genuine in the way of art and literature is admitted. There is every edition of every work of our dear and honoured Marquis. There is a Sapphic group by Pradier" (I, p. 178, note). That sentence from an unpublished letter of Swinburne's suggests the whole range of Milne's influence—the erotic in art and literature, Sappho, and the Marquis de Sade with his combination of eroticism and a fierce anti-theistic philosophy. Nor should the guarding statement be overlooked, "nothing that is low, nothing that is not good and genuine in the way of art and literature." But on this subject we need not dilate. For the student of literature the interest and importance of Mr. Lafourcade's revelation is that it confirms and explains the impression of thwarted passion, desire and frustration, which a reading of *Poems and Ballads* leaves behind. Mr. Lafourcade has thought it important to stress this side of *Poems and Ballads* in order to correct the theory, to which Swinburne himself lent support, that their inspiration is purely literary. It corrects and qualifies this view but does not entirely negate it, because, as

Lafourcade admits, Swinburne is always prone to "force the note." Three parts of Swinburne's inspiration, I would contend, is literary, the poet's delight in his own gift of song and his own power of dramatic ventriloquism. *Poems and Ballads* are in a measure, like Browning's, dramatic lyrics—and Browning's are but in part so. Whatever effect Swinburne's Sadism may have had on his personal experience and his poetry it prompted no such active cruelty to others as, witness the recent *Life of Lady Byron*, a similar vein, a certain perverse love of cruelty and of defying his own better impulses, did in Lord Byron, for Byron was a man, Swinburne remained an incomplete man if a great and wonderful lyrical poet.

And so we come back to Swinburne's art and Lafourcade's study of its evolution, its phases and ultimate character, which is the subject of his second volume. Mr. Bridges has distinguished between the young poet who thinks of poetry from the first as a means of self-expression, is more intent on what he wishes to say than on the art with which he says it, and of him for whom poetry is primarily an art which he desires to master. It is the latter class apparently that produces the greater poets. This is, I think, the significance of Coleridge's remark that a proof of the poet in Shakespeare's early poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* is the choice of a theme remote from the poet's personal interests. Even of the plays one might say that the earlier are expressions not of Shakespeare's mind only but of the mind of Marlowe and Lyly and Kyd and Peele, whereas *King Lear* and *Troilus* and *The Tempest* are all Shakespeare.

In Swinburne's early poems as now presented here from unpublished sources along with those which were issued, but passed unnoticed, before his final triumph we can follow every phase of his experimental and complex evolution. Stevenson has spoken of "playing the sedulous ape" to different authors, and the imprint of Stevenson's models remains evident in his finished work. Swinburne did the same to a degree that far exceeded Stevenson's, but is the more astonishing because of the completeness with which he in the end detached himself from these shaping influences, assimilated what he needed, and achieved a style individual and unmistakable. Mr. Lafourcade justly calls him a ventriloquist. Others have imitated. The peculiarity of Swinburne's pastiches is that they would do no discredit to the poet whom he is following, at his best. Morris, we are told, preferred Swinburne's *Queen Yseult* to his own poem or poems on the same or a similar subject, and, says Mr. Lafourcade,

he was right: "For there is more of latent poetry in *Queen Yseult* than in the whole of the *Defence of Guinevere*." Dryden, Shelley, the Elizabethan dramatists, the Pre-Raphaelites both Morris and Rossetti, Ballads and Miracle Plays, Tennyson and Browning and Patmore—Mr. Lafourcade shows us Swinburne playing the ape to them all seriously or in the way of satirical parody.

The most enduring influences were the ballads, Shelley, Shakespeare and Chapman, though of neither of the two last are there any examples of mere imitation. But probably the most interesting formative influences were the ballads metrically and the Pre-Raphaelites stylistically. Of the latter Mr. Lafourcade has much to say that is both fresh and valuable. The central principle of Pre-Raphaelitism has always seemed to the present writer to be the appreciation of the emotional effect of significant detail vividly rendered. But Pre-Raphaelite poetry and art were historically a complex phenomenon owing much of their effect to the deliberate reproduction of an earlier, simpler, more naive art which the poet and painter charged with a subtle blend of mediæval and modern feeling. This has been always recognised in the painting of the school. Mr Lafourcade has emphasised it in their poetry. The peculiar quality of Morris's *Defence of Guinevere* is due not only, as the late Mr. Dixon Scott contended, to the effect on his style of Morris's vivid pictorial imagination, but to the deliberate reproduction of the naive style and versification of the poetry of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, romances, lyrics and Miracle Plays. These Swinburne read "under the impulsion and almost through the eyes of William Morris," and so he wrote verses like the following which might have come right out of the *Defence of Guinevere*:

All the long white lines of sea,
All the long white slope of lea,
In the moonlight watched she.

Then she pray'd if any heard,
And the air about her stirr'd
As the motions of a bird.

and :

The night grows very old ; almost
One feels the morning's feet move on ;
One lily glimmers like a ghost
On the black water, only one.
I thought she was not dying ; feel
How cold her naked feet are grown !
I dare not either sit or kneel ;
The flesh is stiffen'd to the bone.

and again :

And stooped his face down close upon her head
 And spake till his lips trembled with a smile . . .
 See now if there were left no Saracen
 To stable in the city, and we ride
 We French knights, cross and lilies, two by two,
 And the king midmost, with no man beside,
 Up slowly in the blood of all that crew
 To find the place and worship—think our blood
 To drop and stain the tears we weep at prayer
 On altar-stones—were this not very good ?

Of this naive, vivid, imitative poetry the only survivor in poems published by Swinburne himself is the *Masque of Queen Bersabe*. What persisted from his discipleship and passed into his more individual work was not a few archaic words and turns of phrase, and the simple, frank sensuousness of description. For Swinburne's own taste in older literature was not for these mediæval poets—neither Chaucer nor Spenser was quite a favourite of his—but the Elizabethan dramatists and the more frankly sensuous poetry of the Renaissance. Rossetti helped him here, e.g. in the *Ballad of Life* and the *Ballad of Death*. But he went, as with the popular ballads, more directly to the originals. One of the most interesting chapters in the second volume describes certain unpublished imitations of Boccaccio's *Decameron* and the French prose chroniclers, from which Lafourcade cites passages of amazing brilliance and sensuous quality as well as of ventriloquism. Certain parodies indeed of the French chroniclers in their own language attached to *The Leper* and to the *Laus Veneris*, deceived his readers for years, even a scholar like Dr. Fiedler. Swinburne's blank verse shows the same progressive development through successive deliberate imitations—of Massinger and Fletcher, of Shakespeare and Chapman, of the Pre-Raphaelites, of the Greek tragedians—for to all the influences referred to must always be added, as by no means the least potent in their final effect, the English Bible and Greek poetry dramatic and lyrical. Homer made no such appeal to Swinburne as he had to a greater poet and ventriloquist, Milton. It would be a nice study for a young student to consider Swinburne's lack of sympathy with certain supremely influential poets—Homer, Chaucer, Spenser, Keats. The influence of the last and the rejection of that influence Mr. Lafourcade has himself studied in an edition of Swinburne's *Hyperion*, an unpublished fragment after the manner of Keats. The first half of the second volume deals then mainly with this imitative period,

illustrated from the chiefly unpublished work of the years 1849 to 1860, poems written at Eton and at Oxford. These include the fine poem the *Temple of Janus* with which Swinburne competed unsuccessfully—the prize went to John Nichol—for the Newdigate, a poem which shows strongly the influence of Shelley, especially of the *Triumph of Life*; and also the poem on the death of Sir John Franklin, to which the classically educated taste of Dean Liddell preferred the unspeakable doggerel of some person unknown to fame, which had the honour of being read to the Royal Society. One can well understand Swinburne's antipathy for his University. As Chesterfield so often reminds his son, one forgives an injury, never a slight.

In the second part of the volume the author gives an exhaustive analysis of the sources, the form, and the thought and sensibility, of verse and prose, published and unpublished, of the years 1860 to 1867—*Rosamund*, *The Queen Mother*, *A Year's Letters*, *William Blake*, *Lesbia Brandon*, *Chastelard*, and finally *Atalanta in Calydon* and *Poems and Ballads*. Not the least interesting chapter—though lying somewhat apart from the study of the poetry—is that on the novel published, with some modifications and omissions, in 1877 and again in 1905 as *A Year's Letters*. Mr. Lafourcade has been able to compare this with the original manuscript. It is a brilliant piece of work revealing a surprising dramatic quality, and an ease and naturalness in the treatment of aristocratic life and character which Thackeray could not rival but suggests Byron and Tolstoi. "The tragicomic catastrophe by which the young and inconsiderate 'hero' incautiously cuts himself out of a title and estate . . . by the simple and natural process of imprudently begetting a child on the wife of his hitherto childless kinsman" is claimed by Swinburne and accepted by Lafourcade as "original." Yet here too I suspect a source in the poet's multifarious reading. In the savage or humorous poem *The Curse* Donne writes :

In early and long scarceness may he rot
For lands which had been his, if he had not
Himself incestuously an heir begot ;

and a seventeenth-century note on a copy of Donne's poems points out that the conceit is also Marston's :

Butt tell me Ned what may that gallant bee
Who to obtain intemperate luxurie
Cuckolds his older brother, gets an heire
Whereby his hopes are turned to dispaire.

Swinburne was well acquainted with Marston and Donne too, and this is just the kind of joke which would make appeal to the mischievous humour he had indulged at the expense of Hutton.

But the keystone of Swinburne's early poetry and of Mr. Lafourcade's study is the *Atalanta* and *Poems and Ballads*. It is to the right understanding and appreciation of these that the whole work has been directed—to explain the spirit that informs them, a spirit of frustrated passion, love defeated and taking refuge in an apotheosis of lust, and a fierce anti-theism—and to analyse the subtle and varied lyric forms in which this troubled passion found expression. *Poems and Ballads*, he shows us, made clear to the British public what had disturbed them, even while they admired, in *Chastelard* and *Atalanta*, as *Don Juan* startled and shocked those who had admired the romantic strains of *The Giaour* and *The Corsair*. There had been nothing like the *Poems and Ballads* since the *Songs and Sonets* and *Elegies* of Donne. It is difficult for any one who has felt in his youth the charm of these poems :

The passionate pages of his earlier years,
Fraught with hot sighs, sad laughter, kisses, tears ;
Fresh-fluted notes, yet from a minstrel who
Blew them not naively but as one who knew
Full well why thus he blew,

as Hardy wrote ; it is difficult to form a dispassionate estimate of them to-day, but a word or two must be attempted on Swinburne's poetry and Mr. Lafourcade's estimate.

Setting aside some survivals of his early ventriloquism as *The Masque of Queen Bersabe*, there remain as the essential poems *Laus Veneris*, *The Triumph of Time*, *Anactoria*, *The Hymn to Proserpine*, *Faustine*, *The Leper*, *Dolores*, *Hesperia*, *Felise* and several shorter pieces, as *A Leave-Taking*, *Itylus*, *In the Orchard*, *Stage Love*, *Kissing her hair*, *The Garden of Proserpine* and *Sapphics*. The first thought that arises on re-reading these is of the limited range of the experience which they record, and of the art they display with all its indubitable brilliance. It is with Swinburne's sensibility as with his thought. Just as he states with clearness and daring a few main thoughts on life and death, so his sensations are few but clear and sharp. Mr. Lafourcade has much to say of Swinburne's feeling for nature, and emphasises this as a corrective to the contention that his inspiration was of a purely literary character (II, 537 ff.). There is truth in his thesis that Swinburne's passion for sea and wind and

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sun was nourished, not on literature alone, but on his experiences in Northumberland and on the Sussex shores of the Channel. In a note on Tennyson's landscapes, which is not here cited, Swinburne declares he could not understand the line :

And white sails flying on a yellow sea

till he visited the coast of Lincolnshire and contrasted the colour of the sea there with the grayer and bluer seas of his own experience. That indicates observation, but his observation was very limited ; and Mr. Lafourcade himself seems hardly to realise the significance of the descriptive vocabulary which he illustrates (II, p. 538, note), namely, that for Swinburne sensations count mainly or only as they quicken the emotions, become emotions. Sun and wind and sea—these are emotional more than sensuous experiences. Hence his tendency, with Shelley rather than Keats, to personify these and all that he describes. "The white, wet flame of the breakers," "luminous face," "splendour of spears," "flamelike foam," "paler than young snow," "love wan as foam" (which might as well be "foam wan as love"), "waste white moon," these are emotional rather than sensuous descriptions. For truly sensuous description turn to Keats :

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs ;
But in embalmed darkness guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows

The grass, the thicket and the fruit-tree wild,
White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine,
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves,
And Mid-May's eldest child
The coming musk-rose full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Colour, temperature, scent, taste, sound—all are woven in. Compare Shelley and Swinburne :

Swift as a spirit hastening to his task
Of glory and of good, the sun sprang forth
Rejoicing in his splendour, and the mask

Of darkness fell from the awakened earth.
The smokeless altars of the mountain snows
Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth

Of light the ocean's orison arose,
To which the birds tempered their matin lay.
All flowers in field and forest which unclose

Their trembling eye-lids to the kiss of day,
Swinging their censers in the element
With orient incense lit by the new ray

Burnt slow and inconsumably and sent
Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air :
And, in succession due, did continent,

Isle, ocean and all things that in them wear
The form and character of mortal mould
Rise as the sun their father rose to bear

Their portion of the toil which he of old
Took as his own and then imposed on them.

The sensations of light and sound and scent are merged in the passionate emotion which Shelley lends to sun and mountain and bird and flower. And so it is with Swinburne :

The low down leans to the sea ; the stream
One loose, thin, pulseless, tremulous vein,
Rapid and vivid and dumb as a dream,
Works downward, sick of the sun and the rain ;
No wind is rough with the rank, rare flowers ;
The sweet sea, mother of loves and hours,
Shudders and shines as the grey winds gleam,
Turning her smile to a fugitive pain.

Not sense but sensibility, emotion, is the note of Swinburne's temperament and poetry. *Poems and Ballads* is an amazing explosion of emotion controlled and interpreted by the poet's imagery and rhythm. Hence comes the most serious flaw in Swinburne's art, an art which Mr. Lafourcade has analysed with insight and justice, namely, the deficiency of architectonic power. This was to become more evident in later odes and long lyrics (and no one has written more lengthy lyrical poems), but it is evident here too in *The Triumph of Time* and *Dolores*. Swinburne was never to be able to carry a reader through an ode or rhapsody with the feeling that the mood is developed through successive stages, as one is carried through the *Epithalamion* of Spenser, the *Lycidas* of Milton or the *Odes* of Keats.

The keynote to *Poems and Ballads* Lafourcade finds in the tragic experience of which the *Triumph of Time* is the record. The failure to realise love in its normal entirety threw him back on the "roses and raptures of vice." "Comme il le dit lui-même, l'inspiration de *Dolores* est une réaction contre celle du *Triumph of Time*." But one must remember the poet's tendency to "force the note." It may be doubted whether, if "Boo" had been kinder, things would have gone very differently. The interest of this study is the light

it throws on Swinburne's sensibility as expressed in his poems, for the interest of abnormality lies entirely in the light it throws on moods and instincts which are present in the normal also. Swinburne's sensibility, limited in range but intense, had two poles—passion and devotion. The counterpart to *Dolores* is not the *Triumph of Time* but the lines *In Memory of Walter Savage Landor*, and the second phase of his activity as a poet began with the worship of Mazzini in *A Song of Italy* and all that followed. But the passion which Swinburne sings is an experience in which pain and pleasure, attraction and repulsion, are strangely blended, as love and hate or contempt had been blended in the songs and elegies of Donne; and so it is a frustrated passion; and Swinburne's devotion, his purer passion, finds no adequate fulfilment because it is always directed to a human subject and tends to disperse itself in a meaningless and disorderly rhapsody over Hugo or Mazzini or a Baby's toes. He achieved neither great and satisfying love poetry nor the poetry of a satisfying devotion. Love and religion are the only passions that justify and sustain ecstasy such as is the note of Crashaw's and Swinburne's poetry. In ancient literature, says Zielinsky, affection and passion were never united. The loves of Catullus and Propertius and Tibullus were one thing, the "amicitia" of which Cicero writes, the affection breathed in the lines of Catullus on his brother, were another. They were divided in Swinburne. The note of his poetry is "un accent douloureux et clairvoyant de passion inassouvie, de soif inextinguible;" and Mr. Lafourcade closes his exhaustive study to which I have done scant justice with some lines from *Anactoria*:

Alas, that neither moon nor snow nor dew,
Nor all cold things can purge me wholly through,
Assuage me, nor allay me, nor appease,
Till supreme sleep shall bring me bloodless ease;
Till time wax faint in all his periods;
Till fate undo the bondage of the gods . . .
And shed around and over and under me
Thick darkness and the insuperable sea.

Still, one must not forget Swinburne's inclination to "force the note." He lived out his life to the end if the poet gradually decayed, was indeed prematurely exhausted. It is some consolation for the early death of Keats and Shelley and Byron that they might have outlived their inspiration. Rome and the Bay of Spezzia and Missolonghi are better than Putney and Watts-Dunton.

H. J. C. GRIERSON.

The University, Edinburgh.

Romans, Kelts, and Saxons in Ancient Britain. An investigation into the two dark centuries (400-600) of English History. By R. E. ZACHRISSON. Skrifter utgifna av Kungl. Humanistika Vetenskaps-Samfundet i Uppsala, xxiv, 12. Uppsala, Almqvist & Wiksell; Leipzig: O. Harrassowitz. 1927. Pp. 95. 3 kr.

THIS essay gives the results of a comparative examination of the historical, archæological and linguistic evidence.

The first half is devoted to a consideration of opinions of leading historians and archæologists. From this conflicting evidence are drawn conclusions which receive more solid support from the second half of the essay, the linguistic evidence.

Professor Zachrisson begins this section with a careful examination of Place-Names containing *weall*, *wealh*, *weala*-, and *breta*-. He points out that this last word is of Scandinavian origin, and that it probably refers to Vikings who had come from North Wales or the neighbouring counties.

For the *wal*-words he provides a detailed list (set forth in Appendix I), which leads him to the conclusion that the majority of the places called *Walton* or *Walcot* contain OE. *weall*, not *weala*. But the nominative *weal(h)* may occur, he thinks, in five names denoting a British or a prehistoric road. Yet of these five, he himself interprets one as "wall-leigh," and we may well assign "wall-path" and "wall-way" to two more; while, of the remaining two, *walhfare* is a post-Conquest form. For *weala*-forms the evidence is possibly more certain; cf. *wealabruce*, *wealaford*, and *wealagærstune*. This section contains a valuable discussion of the meanings of both *weall* and *wealh* in Anglo-Saxon.

The material dealt with in the next section, on the distribution of Celtic Place-Names in England, has yielded clear and definite results. Here the author has selected five Celtic words of frequent occurrence in Welsh and Cornish P.N.s. He has carefully examined a large number of English P.N.s containing these words, and has arranged them according to counties. Thus he has enabled his readers to form a fairly accurate idea of the general distribution of Celtic P.N. elements in England.

The next section is concerned with the survival of Romano-British towns and settlements. The detailed list (set forth in Appendix II) contains thirty-five clear examples of such survival.

It is shown that the sound-changes in some of these names are explicable only on the assumption of oral tradition; the invaders therefore must have learnt the names of some of the Romano-British towns from the Britons themselves. Whether these British townsmen spoke a Celtic or a Latin language, Professor Zachrisson leaves an open question, only mentioning the forms of several West of England P.N.s which point rather to some Celtic form of speech. The lack of any substitution of *cær* for *chester* in early P.N. forms (v. p. 25) certainly speaks against a late survival of Celtic speech in the centres of administration; but it proves, I think, nothing for or against such survival in the remoter districts.

There appears to be no doubt that the linguistic evidence set forth in this useful little treatise supports the historical and archaeological evidence in favour of the view that some fusion of the British and Saxon races took place between the battle of Mount Badon and the onslaught of Ceawlin. In the author's own words: in the western areas "the number of British survivors must have been much larger than in the East. In point of fact, the only theory that reconciles all the clashing evidence is that the Britons were not exterminated but absorbed by the Saxon conquerors. Their civilisation vanished, but the race remained."

In his historical section the author, rejecting the witness of Nennius and the *Annales Cambriae* to King Arthur, actually finds support for this rejection in the silence of Gildas. His argument is that Gildas denounces contemporary kings; if therefore a model king had existed earlier, Gildas would have named him in contrast to these. Perhaps, however, Gildas was satisfied with the contrast which he actually makes, that between bad contemporary rulers and those earlier rulers who "all did their duty." Further, disbelief in the reality of the hero of romance need not involve rejection of the reality of an army leader.

In his introduction Professor Zachrisson anticipates criticism at the hands of historians. Whether he is fated to endure this or not, he will have the thanks of linguists for his useful sketch of Celtic Place-Names in England, and for the attention which he has drawn anew to many complicated and fascinating problems.

J. H. G. GRATTAN.

London.

The Blessed Virgin Mary in the Mediæval Drama of England, with Additional Studies in Middle-English Literature. By Dr. J. VRIEND, S.J. Purmerend-Holland: J. Muisse. 1928. Pp. xv+100. Fl. 3.50.

THE title of this book as it is printed on the cover may deter some students from reading it. For it may give them the impression that its purpose is edification rather than appreciation of the popular drama of the Mediæval England. The impression will be a wrong one, and they will have missed a book of unusual interest and merit.

Dr. Vriend is a keen student of Middle-English literature; he is also a learned priest. He brings to the study of our mediæval drama certain qualifications which most lay scholars do not possess and which enable him to throw a considerable amount of new light upon the plays. His knowledge of the Vulgate and of the other Latin translations of the Bible, his familiarity with the service books of his Church, stand him in good stead; the chapter at the end of the book on the Latin quotations from the Bible in the second and sixth Chester pageants is an admirable piece of work. His instances of the influence of the Liturgical Mysteries on the popular drama are to the point. So also is his insistence that singing was considered a very important factor in the proper performance of the plays; to his table of references to music and singing in the York plays might be added another dealing with the disbursements in the guild books for minstrels and "waits." In every chapter the student will find some point which arrests his attention. The discussion of the *Ludus Coventriæ* is packed with suggestive criticism. Dr. Vriend's conclusion is that, although its literary merit is not very great, "no other cycle can compare with it for its truth to nature in its descriptions of domestic life." In a note at the end of Chapter 2, he throws his weight on the side of those who regard Lincoln as the home of *L.C.* The evidence on which he relies strikes one as being of a very flimsy character and, if there is any substance in his argument, in the same chapter, that the Prophet play in the *L.C.* embodies a Creed play, possibly the work of the *L.C.* author himself, the case for Lincoln as the home of the plays is considerably weakened. For there was *no Creed play* at Lincoln. Again, were it still necessary to argue against the theory that the *L.C.* MSS. belonged originally to the Greyfriars of Coventry, Dr. Vriend's point that there is no reference in the plays to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception

—held so strongly by the Franciscans—would finally dispose of it.

The notes at the end of the chapters are rich in learning and should on no account be missed. It is refreshing to find that the grotesque portrait of St. Joseph in the popular plays both of England and the Continent drew forth a spirited protest from a sixteenth-century Dutch dramatist (p. 61). A similar protest was surely in the mind of Roger Van der Weyden when, fifty years before, he depicted St. Joseph as a craftsman in the prime of life, in a blue robe and dark brown cap?

An excursus on the curious phrase "*conception per aurem*," and similar phrases found in Middle-English writings, concludes the book. Perhaps this phrase was a crude endeavour to translate the beautiful idea set forth by Leo the Great in his first Sermon on the Nativity: "*ut divinum atque humanum prolem mente quam corpore concipiet*."

Dr. Vriend has not concluded his study of the popular devotion to the Blessed Virgin as revealed in our mediæval drama. I hope that some day he will do so.

P. E. T. WIDDRINGTON.

The Middle English Stanzaic Versions of the Life of Saint Anne. Edited by ROSCOE E. PARKER. London: Published for the Early English Text Society by Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. 1928. Pp. liv + 139. 10s.

THREE poems are included in this volume. The first, a poem of 3456 lines in 12-line stanzas, is printed from the University of Minnesota MS. Z. 822, N. 81 (formerly Phillips 8122), the only version in which it is extant. The second, consisting of ninety-four stanzas in rime royal, survives in two MSS., Trinity College, Cambridge 201 and Chetham Library 8009. Mr. Parker prints the Trinity College text, which he considers to be the better of the two, and gives the variant readings from the Chetham text in the footnotes. The third poem, containing 115 four-line stanzas, also survives in two MSS., Bodleian 10234 and Harley 4012. The Bodleian version is that given by Mr. Parker, with the variant readings from the Harleyian MS. in the footnotes.

Undoubtedly the most interesting of the poems is that in the Minnesota MS., and Mr. Parker makes out a very good case for this

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as the source of the much-disputed "Virgin-Group" of plays in the *Ludus Coventrie*. The points of similarity are certainly striking, though not quite as convincing as those of the Chester cycle and the *Stanzaic Life of Christ* quoted by Miss F. A. Foster in her edition of the latter poem (*E.E.T.S.* 1926). But since her researches made it clear that in the case of the Chester cycle the playwright(s) did draw upon contemporary narrative poetry, it seems natural to assume that the playwright of the "Virgin-group" may have done likewise.

As to the authorship of the three poems there is little or no evidence, and Mr. Parker wisely refrains from theory. His analysis of the dialect of the poems is on the whole a satisfactory piece of work, carried out with greater thoroughness and accuracy than has been the case in many recent *E.E.T.S.* publications. His terminology is a little awkward at times; it is not clear what is meant by "a guttural position" and "a palatal position," and the change from the familiar "past participle" of pp. xviii and xx to the "preterit participle" of pp. xv, xxiii and xxv is irritating. More serious is Mr. Parker's inaccuracy with regard to the sound-values of O.E. *g* and *c*. In § 6 of p. xiii, *ylkane* and *mykyll* are included among examples of "O.E. *c* in guttural positions"; *mekyll* on p. xix and *mekyl* on p. xxi are similarly classified; but on p. xvii *mykell* is, rightly, given under "O.E. *c* in a palatal position." The *g* in O.E. *âgen* is wrongly described as a "guttural stop" on p. xvii, and simply as "medial *g*" on p. xix; in both cases the resultant diphthong in M.E. is said to result from "diphthongisation of *a*," a vague and misleading description of the actual process. On p. xxii, M.E. *gate* is given among examples of O.E. "palatal *g*," whereas the plural form, to which it goes back, had the back stop *g* in O.E. The conclusions as to the dialect of the Bodleian MS. (p. xxiii) are confused.

HELEN T. McMILLAN BUCKHURST.

New Light on "Piers Plowman." By ALLAN H. BRIGHT.
With a Preface by Professor R. W. CHAMBERS. London:
Milford, Oxford University Press. 1928. Pp. 94. 7s. 6d. net.

THE birthplace of William Langland, the dreamer of Malvern Hills, has generally been held, on the authority of Crowley and Bale, to be Cleobury Mortimer, "about eight miles from Malvern Hills," according to Crowley. But Cleobury is some twenty-three miles

from Malvern Hills, and in this pleasantly produced little book Mr. Bright elaborates the theory, first brought forward by Canon Bannister in the *Times Literary Supplement* in 1922, that the poet's place of origin was Ledbury. This town stands at the right distance from Malvern, and in the parish there is a field, still known as Longlands, which marks the site of a little hamlet. Hard by may be recognised the toft, or the Herefordshire Beacon, which was once crowned with its tower, the deep dale with the site of its donjon, and the fair field, the scene of the opening of *Piers Plowman*. Mr. Bright, who lives on this classic ground, has provided photographs of all these, as well as of the "haunted stream," or Primeswell, which commands a view of these places.

Longlands is in the parish of Colwall, and Mr. Bright adduces the ordination as acolyte of William de Colewell by Bishop Trilleck at Bromyard in 1348. This may well have been the poet; and when we read how in 1354 the Bishop's tenants in Cradley, Bosbury and Colwall complain of certain evildoers who had beaten, wounded and imprisoned them, and deprived them of their goods by threats and fear of death, and how the King commissions William de Share-shull to try the case with a jury, and as a result William de Couley is made to enter into a recognisance for £100, we are reminded of the complaint of Peace to the King's parliament in *Piers Plowman*, A iv. Mr. Bright has made researches into the history of the Rokayle family. Independently of Professor Samuel Moore, he has traced the connection of Eustace with Oxfordshire and the Despensers, and has found that Peter de Rokayle, Langland's grandfather, was concerned in an attempt to rescue Edward II from Berkeley Castle. He has also unearthed a Geoffrey de Rokele, who in 1372 was indicted for a sort of highway robbery committed on an Oxford student. He was probably some relation of the poet, and may be the Sir Geoffrey of B xv, who wears a silver girdle and a dagger with gilt studs.

It is in the matter connected with the subject of Langland's birthplace and the Rokayle history that the value of Mr. Bright's book consists, and not with his identifications and deductions, which are often very strained. It is indeed striking that in C iv, 69-70, there should be a discussion of the right of a father to refuse his surname to his son, but the metaphor in B, v, 614-617 of Truth sitting in the heart of man,

In a cheyne of charyte as thow a childe were
To suffre hym and segge nouȝte agein thi sires wille,

derives from Boethius and speaks of love as the bond between God and man, one of those mystical thoughts found in B alone. Again, the passage at the end of the autobiographical statement in C vi (ll. 82-88) which attacks the Church for allowing bastards and those of low birth to rise to high position, and is hence surprising on the lips of a man who was himself illegitimate, is not easily brought to bear Mr. Bright's paraphrase, "I know that I am speaking against my own interest." And it is difficult for at least one student to see in the Good Knight, that model English country gentleman whose duties are to be kind to his tenants and to keep down foxes, the same person as the learned Clergy, to whom the cloister and the school are heaven on earth.

In his Preface Professor R. W. Chambers gives a clear exposition of the case for unity of authorship of the three versions, showing in particular how in each version the author and dreamer are identified. He adduces the parallel case of the *Roman de la Rose*, where Jean de Meung, continuing the work of William de Lorris, is careful to explain that it is he who is now the dreamer, "even though this involves the absurdity of one dreamer being identified first with Guillaume and then with Jean. If the B-continuator had been a different man from the 'Will' of the A text, he would no more have called himself 'Will' . . . than Jean calls himself Guillaume." But may not the B-continuator, who was of a philosophical mind, have wished to avoid this very absurdity? Moreover, Jean's introduction of his name destroys the actuality of the vision itself. There is no pretence that it was a real dream; according to Love, Jean took up the pen and finished Guillaume's Romance. Such a cynical treatment in the case of *Piers Plowman* would deprive the work of much of its moral appeal.

MABEL DAY.

The Earliest English Translations of Erasmus's Colloquies. (Humanistica Lovaniensia, No. 2.) Edited with introduction and notes by HENRY DE VOCHT. Louvain: Uystpruyst; London: Oxford University Press. 1928. Pp. lxxxvii. 319. 15s. net.

THIS series, to which Professor de Vocht has contributed the first two numbers, recalls an earlier Louvain interest in English Renaissance

literature ; we refer to Bang's *Materialien*. Henry de Vocht was the disciple of Wilhelm Bang, and besides establishing this new series is continuing the *Materials*, of which two parts have recently been issued. The first number of the *Humanistica Lovaniensia* was the important edition of the manuscript letters, addressed in the years 1522-8 to Francis Craneveld by his humanist friends, Erasmus, More, and Vives among others ; and the story told by de Vocht of the saving and safeguarding of the MS. in 1914 is a strange tale of bibliographical adventure. The second number was projected before the war and the greater part of it compiled, but it has lost nothing in freshness by the delay, and in fullness of treatment has perhaps gained something.

It is one of the clearest indications of the recognition of the writings of Erasmus that they soon attracted translators. Margaret Roper translated his *Treatise on the Paternoster*, which Berthelet printed with an introduction on the education of women written by More's secretary, Richard Hyrde. Richard Taverner translated the *Adagies* ; and Nicholas Udall was associated with Princess Mary and Queen Catharine Parr in a translation of the *Commentaries on the Gospels*. Professor de Vocht confines his attention in this volume to the first translations of the Colloquies. The earliest of these to be done into English bears the title : "The Handling of Shrews and Honest Wives." It probably was printed first, in an edition now lost, by John Rastell. Kytson's edition of 1557, evidently a reprint, reproduces *literatim* as an appendix, the story of the dumb wife from Rastell's *Hundred Merry Tales* in a manner that suggests that he was following a Rastell text. The interest of this bibliographical point is increased by the fact that the Colloquy contains a picture by Erasmus of the early married life of More and Jane Colt. The translation is anonymous, but it may be suggested that it was associated with the More circle.

Two colloquies, "Cyclops" and "De Rebus ac Vocabulis," were the work of Edmund Becke, a chaplain of Bishop Ridley's, who, as we learn from his admonition to Nicholas Grimald, encouraged his chaplains in this kind of work. As a reviser of the Bible translations of Tyndale, Coverdale, and Taverner, Becke has importance, and it is interesting to have evidence of his vigorous command of the vulgar idiom. It was one of the misfortunes of Erasmus that his writings were made to serve the purposes of reformers with whose extreme views and practices he had little

sympathy. It was probably one of Thomas Cromwell's "clerks" who translated the "Dialogue of Pilgrimages" in which Erasmus describes a visit he paid with Colet to Canterbury in 1514 and an earlier pilgrimage that he made with Robert Aldridge, afterwards Provost of Eton and Bishop of Carlyle, to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham. The fifth and last of the colloquies reprinted by Professor de Vocht, entitled "Diversoria," has the more general interest that it was used freely by Charles Reade in *The Cloister and the Hearth* and by Scott in *Anne of Geierstein*. It contrasts the friendliness and comfort of the inns of Burgundy and Lyons with the coarseness of those of Germany. Professor de Vocht's introduction and notes are a model of completeness and compression. His linguistic notes are particularly interesting for their idiomatic parallels, Latin and English. He wins our gratitude also for trusting us with a faithful text unmodified either in spellings or punctuation.

A. W. REED.

Jephthah. By JOHN CHRISTOPHERSON. The Greek Text Edited and Translated into English by FRANCIS HOWARD FOBES, Professor of Greek in Amherst College, with an Introduction by WILBUR OWEN SYPHERD, Professor of English in the University of Delaware. The University of Delaware Press, Newark, Delaware. 1928. Pp. viii+157. \$2.

It is well known that, under the influence of humanism, the acting and writing of Latin plays was an important feature in the college life of our universities in the sixteenth century. Plays in Greek were undoubtedly rarer, and perhaps were hardly known after the middle of the century. But we hear of the acting of Aristophanes' *Plutus* at Cambridge in 1536, and of his *Pax* about 1546. The only original Greek play known to us is the *Jephtha* of John Christopherson, written probably in 1544¹ and acted, if at all, either soon after its composition (presumably at St. John's) or in 1554-5 at Trinity² after Christopherson had become Master of the College. One may doubt, however, if there was a sufficiently wide knowledge of Greek

¹ Boas' *University Drama*, p. 47. Dr. Boas gives an admirable appreciation of the play.

² The College accounts show a payment in that year for "o' M' . . . hys shew."

at Cambridge at this time to provide an audience for the public performance of a Greek play.

There are two extant manuscripts of Christopherson's play, one in Trinity College, dedicated to William Parr, Earl of Essex, the other (unfortunately unknown to Dr. Boas when he wrote his book) in St. John's College, dedicated to Cuthbert Tunstall, Bishop of Durham.¹ The text here given is based on a careful collation (from rotographs) of these two manuscripts, which in the editor's opinion are in the same hand, though neither is directly copied from the other. It is preceded by excellent Introductions by both editors.

The translation, printed opposite the text, though rather more free and less pointed than one would like, is on the whole a satisfactory rendering of the original. At l. 5, however, the translator overlooks the antithesis in τῷ μὲν μένος καὶ τῷ ταχος (I do not correct Christopherson's accentuation), as at ll. 128, 129 that between ἐπισηφαλὲς and ἀσφαλὲς. At l. 207 he turns an imperfect into an imperative. Ll. 270-272, "Against this course my heart is firmly set; Give way to him," should, I think, rather run: "His spirit keeps the strong from such a course: To this he yields." At l. 295, οὐ τοῖσι μόνον means, I think, "Not only to his brothers." There is some want of taste in translating κῆρ (l. 332) by "Death's angel." At l. 355 κρήνον ἔλδωρ ἡμέων is loosely rendered "Give ear," while at l. 365 λιτῶν κλύε appears as "Behold thy people's sufferings." At l. 381 "melt his frozen spirit" seems to me more natural than "Dissolve the winter of our fear." At l. 465 the return home of one who has long been absent is, I think, "sweeter by far than return was wont to be," not "sweeter by far than love." (The sentence has a curious nominative absolute.) At l. 539 the Greek means, I think, "yet their conduct to our land was unjust," not "Yet must I do our own dominion justice;" and at l. 540 Jephtha bewails, I think, not his own fortune, but the fortune of "these fools." At l. 605 the blessed man is not he "who in battle stands with God," but "who makes God the mainstay of the battle."

¹ The dedication to Tunstall suggests a relation between him and Christopherson which has perhaps hitherto passed unnoticed. Christopherson writes that he chose to dedicate his work to the Bishop because the latter had deigned first to urge him to such studies and then to relieve his poverty with no mean assistance. He signs himself "Tuae D[ominationis] scholasticus et assiduus Orator." Christopherson had clearly had the costs of his University education largely defrayed by Tunstall, and had been in this sense the Bishop's "scholar."

There is an excess of verbiage when (l. 730) *ὡς παθίως κτάμεν* becomes "how trivial the effort thou dost use to slay," but for this the verse-form is some excuse.

The stage-directions inserted by the editor, especially the addition of "right" or "left" to exits and entrances, are, I suppose, to be taken merely as suggestions. The editors do not describe the stage as they conceive it. One would suppose that Jephtha's house was represented, and that when he went to meet his parents, l. 469, he went into the house, from which he emerged at l. 471.

The publication as a whole is one for which we can sincerely express our thanks to the editor's and to the trustees of the University of Delaware Press, whose assistance has made it possible to produce a very charmingly printed book. It is at least of double value. It gives us a sixteenth-century drama in which the author, guided by Euripides' *Iphigenia in Aulis*, treats a scriptural story with great feeling—Buchanan here, as Dr. Boas has shown, comes far short of Christopherson. It also shows us the level attained by Greek students at Cambridge in the middle of the sixteenth century. Christopherson's vocabulary is "a gallimaufry of phrases, not merely from the dramatists, but from Homer, the Orators, the Anthology and even the Septuagint" (Boas). He seems to use *οὐ* and *μή* without distinction. He uses the subjunctive, as in Latin, for the optative. He avails himself of a liberty, which would have been very welcome to many of us who tried our hand at Greek iambics in our youth, of inserting "δ'" at any convenient point in the sentence. And yet how few Greek scholars of a later time who have acquired a more accurate knowledge of the syntax of the language, have been fired with the desire to write an original Greek drama! Has our modern teaching been after all less stimulating than Cheke's?

G. C. MOORE SMITH.

Shakespeare, Jonson, and Wilkins as Borrowers. By PERCY ALLEN. Cecil Palmer. 1928. Pp. 236. 7s. 6d. net.

Shakespeare and Chapman as Topical Dramatists. By PERCY ALLEN. Cecil Palmer. 1929. Pp. 280. 7s. 6d. net.

In the first of these two books Mr. Percy Allen seeks to demonstrate by means of parallel passages, how Shakespeare borrowed from himself in successive plays and how Jonson borrowed or commented

on Shakespeare, particularly in *Every Man Out of his Humour*, *Sejanus*, and *Epicoene*. Much cogitation of parallel passages sometimes produces an exquisite sensitiveness to resemblances which more casual readers might miss; as when Mr. Allen finds that Sordido's reading of the weather forecast in his Almanack "is just another version of the reading of the Letter by Malvolio, which is either taken from it, or from which it is taken"; or when he finds "Jonson's version of 'Come away, Death' blended with an inversion of the Duke's 'Away before me to sweet beds of flowers'" to be lurking in the lines

Away with 'em; would I had broke a joint
When I devised this, that should so dislike her.
Away! bear all away! [*Exit Fido with flowers, etc.*]

But not all the parallels are so subtle as this; in some there is a distinct resemblance of thought and even language as in

And that they knew
Who did remove him hence

which is "plainly borrowed from Antony (*Julius Caesar*, III. ii):

And that they knew full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him."

The use of such a phrase as "And that they knew" by two writers is indeed significant. Or again, "Laugh, fathers, laugh: have you no spleen about you," though, to be sure, it came from Tacitus, sounds "like a sort of metrical antithesis to Antony's 'If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.'" However, the claims of the first book are very modestly urged with many an apologetic "perhaps."

In the second book, where guesses are fortified with "unquestionably," Mr. Allen indulges in the more precarious amusement of seeking for historical origins of certain Elizabethan plays. For *Twelfth Night* he finds (mostly in Mr. B. M. Ward's *Life of the 17th Earl of Oxford*) traces of certain persons and events connected with the Alençon negotiations in 1571. He postulates (without any evidence) a *pre-Twelfth Night*, and claims that the courtships of Queen Elizabeth (in 1571) were still "of intensely vital interest" when Shakespeare wrote his *Twelfth Night* thirty years later—as vital, presumably, as the Diamond Jubilee to Mr. Noel Coward's audiences of 1927. *Hamlet* also is founded on familiar history; for Hamlet is the Earl of Oxford (born 1550), Polonius is Burleigh, Anne Cecil (whom

Oxford married in 1571) is Ophelia, and Horatio is Horatio de Vere, Oxford's brother. The rest of the book is taken up with similar speculations, and a host more parallels from the Bussy plays. Mr. Allen claims that "imagination, and a knowledge of the period, are as imperatively needed for the reviewing as for the writing of such books as these"; he certainly possesses imagination.

G. B. HARRISON.

Melanthe : A Latin Pastoral Play of the Early Seventeenth Century. Written by SAMUEL BROOKE. Edited, with a biographical introduction, by JOSEPH S. G. BOLTON. New Haven : Yale University Press ; London : Humphrey Milford. 1928. Pp. viii + 206. 10s. 6d. net.

THIS edition of Samuel Brooke's *Melanthe*, by Professor Bolton, is a welcome addition to the texts of academic plays that are being made accessible to students in modern reprints. So far as Latin drama is concerned, Professor Moore Smith has opened up the way with his masterly editions of *Pedantius*, *Lælia*, *Hymenæus* and *Fucus Histriomastix*. He has given help in various ways to Dr. Bolton, who, by this contribution to "Yale Studies in English," has proved himself a worthy "newcomer" (to use his own phrase) in the field that he has chosen.

It was while he was Chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge (of which he was Master during the last two years of his life, September 1629-31), that Brooke's three plays were performed: *Adelphe*, 1611-12, and March 2, 161 $\frac{2}{3}$; *Scyros*, March 3, 161 $\frac{2}{3}$; and *Melanthe*, March 10, 161 $\frac{4}{5}$, during the visit of King James and Prince Charles to the University. Of the plays acted on that occasion Ruggle's *Ignoramus* was to win the most lasting fame. But *Melanthe* alone had the distinction of being issued for the University Press by the printer, Cantrell Legge, on March 27, 1615. It did not bear Brooke's name in the title-page, but his authorship is otherwise established.

No MS. of *Melanthe* has been preserved, and only four copies appear to be known of the 1615 edition. Two are in the British Museum, one is in the Bodleian, and one (which formerly belonged to Edward Dowden) is in the possession of Professor Tucker Brooke

of Yale. This copy has been used as the basis of the reprint, but collation with those in the B.M. has shown that corrections were made in them while the sheets were passing through the press. They have the right readings "esse" (l. 77) and "essent" (l. 259), where Professor Tucker Brooke's copy has "ere" and "erent," and "festucam" instead of "festucum" in a stage-direction at the beginning of Act 1, 5. These readings have been adopted in the reprint, and Dr. Bolton has corrected obvious typographical errors, and made a few formal changes, duly notified on p. 170. It may be said that he has realised his aim of preserving "the essentially Renaissance appearance of the Latin, without placing unnecessary difficulties in the way of readers whose desire it may be to peruse the play rapidly."

In his Introduction, Dr. Bolton discusses not only *Melanthe*, but, especially in relation to their sources, *Adelphe* and *Scyros*. Dr. Greg had already shown that the latter was based on Bonarelli's *Filli di Sciro*, and Dr. Bolton has discovered the source of *Adelphe* in della Porta's *La Sorella*. In both cases the Cambridge adapter, while keeping in the main to the southern conventions, introduces a new vein of genial humour. No source for *Melanthe* has been found, but Dr. Bolton presumes, somewhat too dogmatically, as I think, that a play following the pastoral tradition so strictly must have had a foreign original. After his two successful ventures as an adapter (*Adelphe* had a revival, and *Scyros* is preserved in no less than seven MSS.), Brooke may well have devised for the Royal entertainment the conventional plots that deal with the fortunes of the two pairs of lovers, *Melanthe* and her *Alcinus*, *Melidorus* and his *Sylveria*. In any case, Dr. Bolton has no doubt but that the third strand of the play, through which "sparkles ever and again the bright figure of the wanton *Ermilla*," is Brooke's own creation. The editor's rhapsodies over this light-mannered lady who "wins the heart of the weary reader, as she won, three centuries ago, the cheerful heart of Samuel Brooke," are somewhat overdone.

There are one or two similarly out-of-place efforts to be "bright" in the biographical sketch of Brooke. But it is a careful and well-documented piece of work, correcting some traditional errors. Dr. Bolton has done a service in printing in full (Appendix D) Brooke's important dedicatory letter (September 29, 1618) to the Earl of Pembroke, prefaced to his Latin tract *De Auxilio Divinae Gratiae*, which is preserved in MS. in the Cambridge University

Library. But he should not have been content with the summaries of Brooke's correspondence (printed in Appendix E) in the Calendar of State Papers. Valuable as such summaries are, they often omit important details, and recourse should always be made to the originals. The edition ends (Appendix G) with a list of the actors in Brooke's plays, with biographical notes. In the case of *Melanthe*, Professor Tucker Brooke's copy furnishes four additional names to those printed by Dr. Moore Smith in his *College Plays* (p. 78), from entries in the Bodleian copy. All who are interested in academic drama will be glad to add this "Yale study" to their shelves.

F. S. BOAS.

The Elements of Law Natural and Politic. By THOMAS HOBBS. Edited with a preface and critical notes by Dr. F. TÖNNIES. Cambridge University Press. 1928. Pp. xiv+195. 8s. 6d. net.

THIS is a critical edition of an early (1640) English work of Hobbes which has had a somewhat curious bibliographical history. In the seventeenth-century printed versions the original unity of the work was destroyed and its place in the sequence of the author's works, Latin and English, and in the evolution of his thought, consequently obscured. Dr. Tönnies replaces old wrongly-divided *Human Nature* and *De Corpore Politico* (first printed in 1650) by the single *Elements of Law, Natural and Politic*, basing his text on a collation of six MSS. of which one (preserved in the Hardwick Hobbesiana) is the MS. Hobbes kept by him. It contains therefore a number of significant alterations, which, together with other variant readings, are to be found in the Notes. The present edition (in the Cambridge English Classics series) is a reprint of Dr. Tönnies' earlier study, of which practically the whole impression was destroyed by fire in 1889.

G. D. W.

Thomas Randolph. By Professor G. C. MOORE SMITH. Warton Lecture on English Poetry, British Academy, 1927. Oxford University Press. 2s. net.

The Poems of Thomas Randolph. Edited by G. THORN DRURY. London: Etchells and Macdonald. 1929. Pp. xxviii + 220. 30s. net.

THE story of Randolph's reputation as a poet must be one of the strangest in literary history. He undoubtedly impressed his contemporaries, who were also the contemporaries of the young Milton, as the best and the most promising poet of his day, and his early death was mourned as a loss to English letters in strains which would hardly have been inappropriate if a Shakespeare had died at the age of thirty. Yet this great reputation hardly survived the Restoration. The last edition of his works appears in 1668, and Dryden never alludes to this most popular of the wits "of the former age." In the eighteenth century he was entirely forgotten; nor, when the tide turned in favour of the older poets, was he much more fortunate. When Herrick and Herbert and Suckling and Marvell came to be read and praised again, Randolph was still neglected by the critics, and had to be content with the doubtful tribute of an edition by W. Carew Hazlitt, which is said to be one of the worst edited books in the language. No poem of his appeared in *The Golden Treasury*, nor, I believe, in any other popular anthology of the nineteenth century, until Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch included the fine *Ode to M^r Anthony Stafford*, and some other graceful lines in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*.

The twentieth century seems more inclined to do him justice than the nineteenth. Dr. W. W. Greg, in his *Pastoral Poetry*, (1906) wrote of *Amyntas* in terms of warm appreciation, and in 1917 Dr. Parry, an American scholar, published a pleasant edition of the poems with the pastoral play. Now two of the most eminent authorities on the English literature of the seventeenth century, who are known to have been interested in Randolph's work for many years, have deserved the gratitude of all who are concerned with the study of English literature by publishing the results of their researches.

Professor G. C. Moore Smith selected Randolph as the subject of his Warton Lecture on English Poetry for 1927, and the lecture

now appears in the well-known series of the British Academy. Mr. Thorn Drury gives us a complete text of the poems with a biographical and critical introduction, and full critical apparatus, as one of the beautiful Haslewood Books published by Messrs. Etchells and Macdonald.

Professor Moore Smith's lecture is the first really adequate biography and appreciation of the poet. It includes not merely a careful marshalling of all the known facts, but also a series of brilliantly sketched pictures of the life of seventeenth-century England, which form a fascinating background to the narrative. The descriptions of Westminster and Cambridge at the dates when Randolph was at the school and the university are as perfect as anything of the kind ever written, and should be read by every student of the history or literature of the period. A biographer's enthusiasm for his subject is excusable within limits, and though many readers may be inclined to dissent from some of Professor Moore Smith's more strongly expressed judgments, it will be generally agreed that his final estimate of Randolph is both graceful and discerning. The phrase "endearing humanity" seems exactly to fit the author of the *Ode to M^r Anthony Stafford* and the lines on Captain Dover's Cotswold Games. The lecture includes a number of poems attributed to Randolph which had never been printed before, or had only appeared in learned periodicals. Many of these poems are transcribed from manuscript miscellanies of which the principal is the Harflett MS. (presented to Bodley by Sir Charles Firth and now Firth MS. i, 4). Some of them are attributed to "T.R." in the MSS., or are easily attributable to the poet on other grounds. Others seem to be assigned to him by the Warton lecturer on rather more slender evidence. However, Professor Moore Smith's experience in dealing with seventeenth-century texts is so great, and his reputation as a scholar is so high, that any judgment of his in such matters will be received with the utmost respect.

Mr. Thorn Drury's edition is preceded by an introduction which is much cooler in tone than the Warton lecture, and provides a kind of an antidote to Professor Moore Smith's enthusiasm. His summing up of Randolph as "a man of exceptional intellectual powers, of a clear logical mind, possessed of an extraordinary facility in the composition of verse, and a competent sense of humour," is an admirable piece of criticism, and shows by its omissions as much as by any positive statement the reason why Randolph's work

is different from and inferior to that of the greater poets of his age. He had everything except the magic of the true master. Equally just and discerning is the page that follows in which the editor demonstrates the "enslavement to classic and academic tradition" which is undoubtedly the poet's chief defect.

Mr. Thorn Drury's biography is briefer and less imaginative than Professor Moore Smith's. Indeed, he calls "imaginative biography" "that most detestable field for the exercise of human ingenuity." He disposes summarily of Fleay's strange conjecture (which Professor Moore Smith is inclined to accept) that Randolph spent some time in 1632-1633 as manager or sub-manager of the Prince of Wales's Players in London. The only ground for this flight of fancy seems to be a passage in Randolph's Eclogue to Ben Jonson in which he mentions the fact that he left the "true delight" of studying and expounding Aristotle for a while to look after the flock of a certain *Corydon* ("a flock that had no fleece"), a task which gave him considerable trouble. Later in the poem he speaks of a "desolation" which is frightening the Muses from "Cham" or Cambridge. It would be curious, indeed, as Mr. Thorn Drury points out, for a theatrical manager to refer to his company as "a flock that had no fleece," and it seems much more likely that Mr. Thorn Drury is right in supposing that *Corydon* was merely a schoolmaster whose duties Randolph performed for a time, and that the fleeceless flock consisted of the boys whose parents did not pay their fees or paid them to the absentee. Finally, the editor shows that "the desolation" must refer to the epidemic of plague which caused the University to be closed from April to November 1630. Mr. Thorn Drury does not mention the discoveries of Mr. W. J. Lawrence concerning the dates of two of Randolph's plays which that writer communicated to *R.E.S.* i, 320. Mr. Lawrence showed that *Amyntas* and *The Muses Looking Glass* were performed in 1630 and not in 1632, as has been hitherto supposed, and he also conjectured that the epilogue to a play called *The Careless Shepherdess* shows signs of Randolph's hand. It has been suggested to me that these discoveries lend some colour to Fleay's conjecture. Certainly the dates of the production of the two plays now coincide with the period of the closing of the University. I should have thought, however, that a great deal more evidence was needed to substantiate the allegation that a Cambridge don with a turn for poetry and playwriting suddenly took the very

strange step of becoming manager or sub-manager of a theatrical company.

If Mr. Thorn Drury's introduction lacks the warmth and enthusiasm of the Warton lecture, it is written with that exquisite delicacy and urbanity which is characteristic of the man. A beautiful example of its style is the passage which gently alludes to the well-known fact that Randolph's habits of self-indulgence were probably the cause of his death: "The evidence which seems to point to harmful excess comes from too many and too friendly sources to permit one wholly to disregard it. But it may well be that he was one of those unfortunate but little blameworthy persons, who have strength neither of mind to refuse proffered hospitality, nor of body to sustain the possible effects of it." Mr. Thorn Drury's text includes the poems published in the editions of 1638 and 1640, the only authoritative editions of the seventeenth century, and a section of "Poems by or Attributed to Randolph" not included in these editions. These poems are mostly from manuscript miscellanies. In selecting them the editor has been far more cautious than the Warton Lecturer, and nothing appears which there is not very good reason for supposing to be Randolph's. I am told that some Latin verses from the collection called *Parentalia* are omitted, but the loss is probably not very great. It would indeed have been a positive gain if all Randolph's Latin verses had been omitted. They are mere academic exercises, and have none of the poetical value of those of Milton.

The text is edited with that minute care which has made this editor's work the model and the despair of all editors of English texts. Original spelling and punctuation are retained; not only are the variants of the 1640 edition given, but also the more important ones from the very numerous MS. miscellanies in which transcripts of Randolph's poems are found. In this portion of his work the editor acknowledges the valuable help which he has received from Professor Moore Smith and Mr. Percy Simpson. An interesting feature of the textual apparatus, and one which might well be adopted by all editors of all texts that are based on old printed books, is the printing of a separate list of what the editor has assumed to be misprints in his original, with the corrections of them that he has embodied in the text. This device should save editors at once from the Scylla of "silent correction," and the Charybdis of swelling textual notes with a large number of minute corrections.

It would be impertinent and superfluous to praise the general commentary. It is sufficient to say that it is the work of one who probably knows more of the social history and the lighter literature of the period than any other man, and whose taste and judgment are as fine as those of any English scholar who has ever edited an old author.

It is true that a commentary of an author like Randolph, who could scarcely write a poem without a classical allusion, might be swelled to almost any given size if full explanations of all his references to classical mythology were given; however, the word *Baucys* on p. 78 might well puzzle a classical scholar, and a note might perhaps have been conceded to the obtuseness of the average reader who, like the present reviewer, will probably look at it several times before realising that it is merely a seventeenth-century spelling of the name of Philemon's wife. "*Cloelia's*" also, on p. 139, might be explained for the benefit of those who do not remember why the six bathing maidens should be compared to this Roman heroine.

The book is beautifully printed with a fine Garamond type on excellent paper, and the edition de luxe is also handsomely bound. The layout of the page, with its double rule at the top and ample outer margins is very satisfying to the eye. It is unfortunate that the lines of the poems have not been numbered. Any slight lessening of the beauty of the page, which may be caused by line numbers, is surely amply compensated by their great convenience for purposes of reference.

Randolph is not one of the great English poets, but he is well worth all the trouble that these two great scholars have bestowed upon him. He is not only a genuine Englishman with a genuine, though hardly a rich, vein of poetry; he is also a very complete representative of a most interesting age. If we want to know what educated gentlemen in the reign of Charles I really admired in poetry we should turn not to the works of Milton, or Herrick, or the Metaphysicals, but to the poems of the man whom a contemporary versifier placed beside "smooth *Shakespeare*" and "wittie *Ben*" as one of "Three Admired Laureats."

V. de SOLA PINTO.

The Letters of Dorothy Osborne to William Temple. Edited by G. C. MOORE SMITH. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1928. Pp. li + 331. 21s.

To follow in the footing of an editor so long associated with Dorothy Osborne as Sir Edward Parry is not easy; a scholar must have searchings of heart when he undertakes a new edition of her letters. The chief attraction is naturally that of the subject. In Dorothy Osborne certain phases of English life and literature meet; it is always hard to remember that Beatrice and Rosalind, Millamant and Elizabeth Bennett never lived in the flesh, and it becomes harder still when Dorothy Osborne speaks with the authentic voice of the heroines of English humour: "What a multitude of Willow garlands shall I weare before I dye, I think I had best make them into fagotts this cold weather"; yet she can pass naturally to the simple expression of feeling: "When that hope leav's us, then tis time to dye, and if I know my self I should need noe more to kill mee." She had an eye for the living comedy of manners as keen as Jane Austen's in *Emma*, and a heart as quick to generous response as Jane Austen's in *Persuasion*. She is not the first nor the last woman to listen half asleep to the lecture of a masculine relative; but who else has so delightfully shown the absurdities of the occasion, or the "calm and peace with all the world" that follow a falling-out and a reconciliation? Like all natural stylists, she has the gift for the telling phrase: "Love is a terrible word"; "Jealousy seeks its own vexation"; "What should she doe with beauty now?"

The result of this charm is that Dorothy Osborne, the Sévigné of our literature, appears in the garb of a classic, in the sober elegance of the Oxford series that also includes, among others, the poems of Herbert, Vaughan, Crashaw, and Milton. It is, perhaps, unexpectedly serious company for a lady who vowed that, however distracted, she would never come, like the Duchess of Newcastle, to such ridiculousness "as to venture at writeing book's." The fact that only once in close on a hundred letters does Dorothy mention dress has perhaps led her publishers into adopting for her a masculine plainness of attire. The equivalents in *format* of the gauze scarf and the pearl drops of Dorothy's portraits would not perhaps have come amiss.

The letters need, however, to be annotated. If they were not, one would forget, or never realise, how freely the writer moved in

the circle surrounding the makers of literature and history ; in the company of "Stella's" granddaughter, of Waller's "Sacharissa," of the Herberts, and the Howards, even also of the Republican leaders. This is where Professor Moore Smith exercises for our pleasure and profit his wide knowledge of life and letters in the seventeenth century. A few allusions still defy his researches and leave gleanings for later seekers : who were the little tailor enamoured of Queen Elizabeth, and the shepherd whom the weather always pleased ? But elsewhere he has achieved excellent feats of tracking, as in the identification of "J. B.," and with the expert help of Dr. Thomas he has solved the "Almanzor" puzzle. Full confirmative use is made of Henry Osborne's diary, and the appendix on John and Henry Molle is welcome ; I wonder that Professor Moore Smith could resist the printing of little Diana Temple's letter which concludes the British Museum MS. volume.

Some items from the State Papers are added to Sir Edward Parry's account of Sir Peter Osborne's activities ; and this seems to be the place for a reviewer to add an out-of-the-way and stray fact, which yet brings into view a more personal aspect of Sir Peter's character and interests. From the correspondence between Sir Henry Spelman and the famous Danish antiquarian, Olaus Wormius, it appears that by August 1638 Sir Peter Osborne had read with interest the latter's book, *De Literatura Runica*. Spelman writes on August 4 (*stilo vetere*), 1638, in order to pass on to the Dane a query from Sir Peter on the subject of his family name, and its similarity to the Scandinavian name Osbiurn.¹ Spelman forwards the query with the remark : "Contendit hic a me quidam Eques nobilis, et in fisco Regio amplissimæ eminentiæ, Dn. *Petrus Osburn*, ut mea intercessione, tuam referat sententiam in his, quas mittit, quæstionibus. Dignus quidem est, ut ei satisfacias, et suo nomine vehementer rogo." Olaus Wormius, with his native friendly cour-

¹ *Olai Wormii Epistolæ*, Ep. 438. The query runs thus : *Quæsitæ D. Petri Osburn, Equ. au.* Olaus Wormius in suo libro *de Literatura Runica*, cap. 28, pag. 168, inter alia Gothica vel Danica nomina, quæ (ibidem dicit) sunt antiqua et significantia, hæc habet, quæ sunt nomina familiarum apud nos in Angliâ, et videntur inde esse deducta. [The names include Osbiurn] Rogo hanc gratiam, ut intelligam derivationem eorum, et quam habeant significationem. Ac similiter, an apud illos etiam in cognomina abierunt, sicut et apud nos in Angliâ. Inter nomina Poetarum, quos vocat ille Scaldros, invenio Thorbiornum [etc.] quæ videntur aliquam habere affinitatem in derivatione cum *Osburno*. In hoc maxime cupio intelligere, rectanè sit conjectura mea. Si fortuito apud se habet exemplar antiqui alicujus monumenti, inscripturæ, etc., de nomine *Osbiurni*, cupio hanc cum eo inire gratiam, ut ad me mittat transcriptum, una cum interpretatione.

tesy, answers the question fully, tells him that Osbiurn signifies "Ursus fluminum vel maris, seu is, qui in bellis maritimis fortem ac strenuum, ut ursus, se præbeat" (did Sir Peter ever comfort himself with that signification during his gallant defence of the islet fortress of Castle Cornet?); he then quotes out of his *Monumenta Danica* two Runic inscriptions in Scania which exhibit the name.¹ Spelman replies on August 23 (*sti. vet.*), 1639, that he has at once passed on the information, but fears that he will not receive a reply in three days' time for the courier, "Versatur enim Eques jam in rure."² A link between Sir Peter and the Dane, of which neither was probably aware, was their mutual acquaintance with the royal physician Mayerne and his family; Olaus Wormius had worked with Mayerne when in London as a young student in 1611-1612; and Lady Osborne and her children, as Dorothy's editor notes, came into contact with the Mayernes as neighbours about 1642.

Professor Moore Smith has not always perhaps avoided the Charybdis of over-annotation on the one hand, as in the note on the Prayer Book (p. 263); and on the other hand he sometimes rouses the clamour of the vexed reader for more information on things far less easy of access. One wishes, for instance, that in addition to indispensable references he had explained why Dorothy was so delighted when Temple preferred in advance the story of L'Amant Absent, why she thought Telesile so fine a lady, and what was the story of Amestris which moved her to tears—and finally that he had shown that the delightful and mischievous negative "Character" of her future husband (Letter 44) was undoubtedly inspired by the hints given in Doralise's character of "L'honnête homme," to which she refers in the next letter. But let us hope that Professor Moore Smith is reserving these and similar tit-bits for a future paper on Dorothy's liking for *Le Grand Cyrus*; it would make attractive reading.

The difficult task of dating the letters leads Professor Moore Smith to an order sometimes very different from Sir Edward Parry's. Unless Temple's replies are recovered, any order must remain arbitrary and conjectural. Does the opening of Letter 22, "You must pardon mee I could not burn your other letter for my life," explain why, with one exception, they have never turned up? It is in this solitary letter of Temple's (Letter 63) that for once I differ from Professor Moore Smith's interpretation: "Should you

¹ *Olai Wormii Epistola*, Ep. 439.

² *Ibid.*, Ep. 440.

save my life again" can surely not refer to the incident in the Isle of Wight, but to his own despair at estrangement, and to their reconciliation at Chicksands; the earlier portions of the letter point to this: "Write constantly . . . or I am undone past all recovery, I have lived upon them"; or again, "hee was sure I should not bee in condition to bee alone, hee rememberd too well the letters I writt, upon our last unhappy differences, and would not trust mee from him."

Professor Moore Smith has made a notable advance in conserving the charm of Dorothy's spelling and punctuation, which readers of Sir Edward's edition had to forego. In spelling, as in the latest jargon and phrases of the Town, Dorothy was willing to be taught by her lover, as her present editor points out; but as a writer and spellers she is always poles removed from the almost illiteracy of Dame Dorothy Browne, and from the unphilological eccentricities of the contemporary Viscountess Mordaunt. The *Oxford English Dictionary* has found material in Dorothy's use of French words in their as yet unanglicised spelling (e.g. *resvery*) and in her comments on the affected style of some translations, e.g. "Ambition'd . . . concern" (p. 144). In preferring "concernment" she is in agreement with Dryden, who uses it regularly for the tragic emotions.

Professor Moore Smith's editorial skill and care make it easy for the reader to refer back and forth, and to find quickly what he wants, with the possible exception of the reference-mark of the MS. volume in the British Museum. The proof-reading, no light labour, has been excellently done; I have noted only one misprint: Letter 36, line 1, for "made" the MS. reads "make." Altogether the volume is one which the student will gratefully put on his shelves, while still retaining the small earlier editions for hours of outdoor ease.

ETHEL SEATON.

The Collected Letters of Oliver Goldsmith. Edited by KATHARINE C. BALDERSTON, Ph.D. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1928. Pp. li i 90. 7s. 6d. net.

MISS BALDERSTON, whose devotion to Goldsmith has now produced three essential books, is the first of his editors to put his letters into a volume by themselves. She is also the first to submit them to a

thoroughly critical examination, with the result that we now have a sound text, accurate dates, and a commentary of the highest quality; in the course of her scrutiny Miss Balderston has detected a number of forgeries, including the long letter to Goldsmith's mother. Goldsmith was not fond of letter-writing and was usually "constrained for time" owing to the demands made upon him by the booksellers; it is therefore not surprising that his latest editor has been able to add only nine hitherto unpublished letters, thus bringing up the total to a meagre fifty-three; two more, both addressed to Boswell, have been traced, but they are not yet available for publication, and a third, to a Mr. Lee, was put up to auction at Sotheby's on December 17, 1928. Miss Balderston's task has been greatly facilitated by the owners of the autographs, who have placed their treasures at her disposal. She has thus been able to print about four-fifths of the letters exactly as Goldsmith wrote them—a great gain when we remember Percy's powers of suppression.

Miss Balderston has increased the value of her book, and shown her competence for the biography ahead of her, by giving, instead of the usual introduction, five separate essays on (1) Goldsmith and his family; (2) the adventure upon Fiddleback; (3) Goldsmith's East India plan; (4) the *Threnodia Augustalis*, and (5) the production of *She Stoops to Conquer*. Finally, the doubtful and forged letters, and Mrs. Hodson's narrative, which is printed from the original, are given in appendices. Non-epistolary letters are not printed.

Miss Balderston's mastery of her subject is so complete that there is very little to add to, or to correct in, her commentary. I have however made some notes.

Page xlvii. Mitford suggested to Forster (*Life of Goldsmith*, ed. 1877, ii, p. 338 note) that the title *She Stoops to Conquer* may have been originated by Dryden's line

But kneels to conquer, and but stoops to rise.

Mitford quoted from memory, and Miss Balderston has now helped to perpetuate the misquotation. What Dryden really wrote was:

Th' offending Lover, when he lowest lies,
Submits, to conquer; and but kneels, to rise.¹

It is interesting to find that the version of this quoted by Lord Chesterfield in a letter dated 1752, but not published till 1774, was

¹ *Amphitryon*, Act III *ad fin.* I owe the reference to Dr. Hill.

The offending Lover, when he prostrate lies,
But stoops to conquer, and but kneels to rise.¹

But the title is derived from the play itself. Goldsmith in Act iv makes Kate Hardcastle say, "I'll still preserve the character in which I stoop'd to conquer." Further research is not necessary.

Page 25. Gaubius is mentioned in *The Present State of Polite Learning* (ch. vi) and classed with such names as Muratori, Haller, and Klopstock as "deserving of the highest applause."

Page 35. There is surely no need to doubt the literal accuracy of Goldsmith's statement that the forementioned book was in the press in August 1758. It is true that the work was not published until 2 April 1759, but publishers sometimes delayed publication, and authors were then, as they are now, dilatory.

Page 39. There were two Scaligers as well as two Daciers, and the son (Joseph Justus) was a greater critic than the father (Julius Caesar).

Page 50. It is very doubtful if Johnson and Goldsmith were acquainted in August 1758. Percy says that they were not acquainted when Goldsmith removed to the Wine Office Court, which took place after March 1759, and that Johnson made his first visit to Goldsmith on 31 May 1761. Percy himself met Goldsmith at Grainger's on the evening of 21 February 1759, not in March of that year.

Page 96. Isaac Bickerstaffe may have survived till 1812. There is no authority for the statement that he did. Isaac Reed wrote of him in 1782 (*Biographia Dramatica*, vol. i, p. 28), "He is said to be still living at some place abroad." This is repeated by Reed's editor, Stephen Jones, in 1812, and so got into the *D.N.B.* The second edition of Reed must be used warily.

Page 110. The second letter to Richard Pennick was, like the first, printed in *Notes and Queries*.

Page 115. Goldsmith wrote to Percy about *The Spectator* because Percy had for many years, certainly since 1764, been preparing an edition of it.

The production of the book is as good as the editing and misprints are few (p. 80, "Conwao" for "Conway"; p. 108, l. 1, "about" for "above," and l. 6 "it" for "if"; p. 128, note 3 is made to refer to itself).

L. F. POWELL.

The Life and Letters of George Darley. By CLAUDE COLLEER ABBOTT. Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. 1928. Pp. xv + 285. 16s. net.

It must often have occurred to us, contemplating our grandmothers' samplers, now so carefully framed in our drawing-rooms, to wonder

¹ *Chesterfield's Letters*, vol. ii, p. 107.

at the patience and labour that went to their making, and to reflect, sometimes almost with irritation, that they seem scarcely to justify the time and skill lavished upon them. This study of George Darley, submitted for the degree of Ph.D. at Cambridge, arouses similar emotions. It is of course increasingly difficult to find a subject which will lend itself to the requirements of these research degrees, and almost impossible to find one without a journey into the often deservedly dusty byeways of literature. Mr. Abbott's book is a monument to his industry and accuracy, and if we feel that its subject scarcely merits so elaborate a rescue from oblivion, well, the work devoted to it has probably done what both samplers and Ph.D. degrees are intended to do—that is, furnished a training and an apprenticeship. The method is not without its dangers, and the chief of them is the temptation to endow the object of one's researches with an importance commensurate only with the labour one has devoted to it.

Into this pitfall Mr. Abbott has undoubtedly fallen. All his special pleading and copious quotation fail to convince us that Darley's work ever merited very much more than the comparative indifference that greeted it. His two better-known poems *Sylvia* (1827), a lyrical drama, and *Nepenthe* (1835), a philosophical allegory, illustrate a feeling for beauty and a certain metrical adventurousness (the *Love in the Valley* metre of a later poem is interesting), but they very seldom emerge from a prettiness which is itself too often blurred by Darley's fatal prolixity. *Sylvia* has a pale delicacy and sweetness, and a somewhat wavering lyrical charm, but in conception both poems are attenuated and nebulous. Darley was so much occupied in being a poet that he let life itself pass him by. He tried to live in a Palace of Art. But Tennyson's lordly pleasure-house was lightly beautifully built with the craftsmanship and perfect sensitiveness of its architect, qualities that would have redeemed Darley's work from much of its mediocrity. Mr. Abbott, however, can never make up his mind to condemn. He is so steeped in his author that he seems often to have lost the power of judging him dispassionately. He uses words like "perfect," "masterpiece," "fastidiously certain," for work which is palpably second-rate. Take, for instance, a verse he quotes as being pure Elizabethan—

But now alas that Love is old,
Beauty may e'en lay down her lute ;
His wings are stiff, his heart is cold,
He will not come and warble to't :

No good Elizabethan would have been guilty of such a weakness as the "e'en" or such a bad rhyme as "lute" and "to't." But Darley seldom reaches higher than this. Here is another example—

In bowers of love men take their rest,
In loveless bowers men sigh alone !
With bosom-friends are others blest,—
But we have none ! but we have none !

This comes from a poem described by Mr. Abbott as "perfect." Fastidiousness and ruthlessness are qualities inseparable from good criticism. Indiscriminate benevolence leads nowhere.

As a critic Darley contributed little of value. He was indifferent to the merits of Keats and Shelley, violently attacked Byron, disliked Wordsworth, and thought Beddoes' *Bride's Tragedy* "second to Shakespeare alone."

His letters, apart from their prolixity, have some interest, the private ones to his family or intimate friends being the most readable. Careful selection and a stony heart would probably succeed in collecting enough of living interest from this record to make it worth while. Perhaps Mr. Abbott will do it.

KATHLEEN CAMPBELL.

The English Language in Ireland. By J. J. HOGAN. Dublin : The Educational Company of Ireland. 1927. Pp. 96. 3s. 6d. net.

THE aim of this thesis is to trace as one whole the grammatical development of Anglo-Irish, together with the fortunes of that dialect as a spoken and as a written tongue.

For the language of the mediæval period and of the greater part of the fifteenth century the author has wisely made use of the work of W. Heuser (*Die Kildare-Gedichte*, Bonn, 1904), but, it is to be regretted, without adequate acknowledgment of his debt to that scholar.

For the later period Mr. Hogan has brought together some very interesting material. His examination of the language of the fifteenth and sixteenth century Dublin, Galway, and Waterford records and of the seventeenth-century *Irish Hudibras* and *Aphorismical Discovery* carries on well the lines of investigation laid down by Heuser.

For his study of the fortunes of the dialect he has made good use of sixteenth-century State Papers, and of a number of seventeenth

and eighteenth century pamphlets, ballads, plays, and other works. He gives an interesting list of plays containing Irish characters.

The section entitled the Phonology of Modern Anglo-Irish includes the relation of several present-day vowels and consonants to diverse sixteenth and seventeenth century spellings, and is a sound contribution to English Historical Grammar.

The specimen texts provided have been well selected; only that we should have liked more of them.

An interesting and a useful little book.

J. H. G. GRATTAN.

An English Prosody on Inductive Lines. By Sir GEORGE YOUNG, Bt. Cambridge, at the University Press. 1928. Pp. xiv+296. 15s. net.

The Laws of Verse. By J. C. ANDERSEN. Cambridge, at the University Press. 1928. Pp. x+224. 7s. 6d. net.

Schallanalytische Versuche: Eine Einführung in die Schallanalyse. By GUNTHER IPSEN and FRITZ KARG. Germanische Bibliothek, 2. 24. Heidelberg: Carl Winter. 1928. Pp. xi+319. 12 Mk.

Rhythm and Metre. By THOMAS TAIG, University of Wales Press Board, Cardiff. London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. 1929. Pp. 140. 5s. net.

At the outset, Sir George Young indicates his intention of approaching, in chronological order, the works of certain of our greatest poets, and of basing his prosody on rules which may be suggested by their practice. By this means he hopes to avoid trespassing on those realms of verse which are beyond law. He proceeds to classify the elements of verse under three headings: "first the norm, its regular recurrences in sound, or of sounds; secondly, such variations of the norm, or pattern, as are found pleasing, and are capable of embodiment in rules; thirdly experiments, free artistic touches, including particular exceptions to rule, or violations of it, sometimes called 'poetic licenses.' The first two belong to prosody; the third, to poetry indeed, but not to prosody." The writer avoids the warfare waged around rhythm and metre, and, after a few words on stress, states that the purport of his prosody is to enquire into the metrical usage of the selected poets and their followers, at the same

time noting any verse phenomena which cannot be expressed in terms of feet, stress, or syllables. Sir George Young several times rightly emphasises the fact that the ear is the true criterion of metrical effects and offers the suggestion that Shakespeare's mastery of verse owed not a little to his familiarity, as an actor, with the spoken line.

The first poet approached is Chaucer, who is credited with the introduction of the ten-syllable iambic line, which is here called the "cinquepace." The development of this line and its variations are shown in the hands of such poets as Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson. Alongside the "cinquepace" there existed the old 4-stress verse and the Septenary. These and their rules and variations are also noted, leading to a chapter on modern stress verse following *Christabel*. A short chapter on *Quantitative Verse in English* is inserted at the end of the book.

As may be expected in a work of this kind, certain theories are rejected and others preferred. The author discusses the cæsura at some length, especially with reference to Chaucerian practice. He cannot support rules for its existence at any particular place in the line, which result in the appearance of extra syllables within the line. He considers that, in attempting to formulate rules of this kind, prosody is trespassing on the realms of pure art, and that variations such as that of the position of the cæsura are suggested by the poet's ear, and are not patient of adjustment to rule.

Sir George Young's method of approaching his subject is both fresh and interesting and leads to many suggestive remarks. In view of these qualities, a more detailed enumeration of conclusions might have been expected in the Epilogue, which is in this way somewhat disappointing.

Mr. Andersen begins by stating that a "lilt" is an essential feature of poetry, both lyric and blank verse, though it is more pronounced in lyric. This lilt persists even when syllables are dropped: "It would appear, then, that each accented syllable is accompanied by one or more unaccented syllables, or in their absence by an equivalent hover, a hover into which one or more syllables may be inserted, the hover disappearing on their insertion." From this it follows that "A rhythm of time underlies the words, and once this rhythm has been perceived, syllables can be omitted or inserted, accents suppressed, up to a certain point, without the perception of that rhythm being lost. It is this rhythm of time that

is metrical, and to it the words are accommodated." This regular lilt is the essential difference between verse and prose ; it is always present in metre, but never in prose. According to Mr. Andersen, when speech accent coincides with the crest of a metrical wave, a beat or stress occurs. These are " separated by approximately equal periods of time, and the time-period from stress to stress constitutes the stress-unit," which is taken as ending with a stress and beginning immediately after the preceding stress. Each unit may be silent, or may contain as many as six syllables, which may be divided by a pause, but such a pause within the unit is usually bridged by a sonant hover.

This theory of verse is thus very different from the accentual theory, in which metre depends upon arrangement of stresses and scansion is by feet. It would be questioned by many prosodists on the ground that the perception of the time values of syllables is difficult, and, for many hearers, subdued by the perception of stress. In his statement that all units tend to approximate in time-value, for example, units of four syllables are to be read at a livelier tempo than those of three or two, Mr. Andersen agrees with the " musical theorists."

He divides lyrical forms into Ballad, Romance, Nibelungen, and Alexandrine, and devotes the last chapter to an elaborate classification of the variants and modifications of these forms.

There are several instances of scansion with which I find myself unable to agree. For example, I cannot accept the following as a possible arrangement of stress :—

I feed a flame within, which so torments me

However, Mr. Andersen's book should prove both interesting and stimulating to all students of verse-technique, no matter whether they agree or disagree with his theories.

Prose-rhythm seems to be particularly attractive to German scholars, and we have, in this book by Herr. Ipsen and Karg, a careful and detailed report of experiments and investigations upon which they have been occupied for some time. Before describing their work, the authors pay tribute to Sievers, their countryman and pioneer in the same field, giving an account of the difficulties which confronted him and suggesting reasons for his failure to point out the interpolations and alterations in the Greek text which Lietzmann had prepared for him.

Beginning with the suppositions and suggestions of Sievers, the writers set out to inquire into the possibility of using sound-analysis, which includes prose-rhythm, for solving textual problems of this kind. They began their researches with experiments on texts containing simple alterations and proceeded to others of greater complexity. One of their difficulties was the part played by the subjective element in the interpretation of texts, and, like Mr. Patterson, they had to make use of several observers.

The greater part of the book is occupied with the description of the experiments and how they were performed. To say that great care had been exercised, would give no idea of the enormous amount of work which must have been involved. The book cannot fail to arouse, not only the interest of the reader, but also his admiration for the thoroughness and meticulous care of the experimenters in the conduct of their research and in the presentation of their account.

That sound-analysis, especially prose-rhythm, can be used in solving questions of authorship and determining interpolations, alterations, and omissions in any particular text, will not, I think, be doubted, provided that allowance can be made for the subjective element which presents more difficulty in prose-rhythm than in metre. Research in this direction is always welcome, but it is questionable whether the value of the results obtained from investigations such as these can bear any proportion to the time and care required for their pursuit, especially when it is remembered that the nature of the rhythm of prose is still disputed and undefined.

Mr. Thomas Taig approaches his subject from a psychological point of view, recognising that the subjective element plays a large part in theories and perception of rhythm. He wisely reminds us that the apparatus of prosody is only for measuring, and not essential to metre. We are told that in the formation of metre, time and stress are of equal importance, and the writer adopts a theory of rhythmical pulsation similar to that adopted by Mr. Andersen. The chief difference between prose and verse forms is that "Meaning is the first consideration in prose; the embodiment of an ideal order and harmony, despite the limitations of language, is the fundamental principle of verse."

Mr. Taig supports Dr. Sonnenschein's attempt to classify syllables as "long" and "short," but, whilst recognising that different syllables occupy different periods of time, it should be remembered

that the time occupied by a syllable varies with its context, and again with different readers, and therefore, if such classification is possible, its value would seem to be doubtful.

Like Dr. MacColl, Mr. Taig seems to regard the different forms of verse as a kind of chain, at one end of which there is free verse, and at the other end "fixed verse." In the former, the normal speech accents coincide only occasionally with the rhythmical pulsations, whereas, in the latter the coincidence is regular, and may be expected. He states that variations in poetry are not satisfactory to the ear because they are variations from a base; they are the metre of the poem. But, as endless variety would be difficult to comprehend, unity in a poem is achieved by the use of a limited number of typical modulations. "A characteristic movement pervades the entire works of one poet though he employ the same patterns as a hundred others." Mr. Taig suggests that "blank verse presents the maximum definition of ideal scheme compatible with the preservations of the speech-forms most natural to English—shorter lines, from the octosyllabic downwards, offer less scope for variation, and long lines, tending to exceed both the span of attention and the normal breath-group, become disintegrated."

All this is both interesting and suggestive, adjectives which may be applied to every part of this attractive little book. The author concludes with a chapter on "The History of Music and Verse," in which he discusses the relationship between the two, showing at the same time several directions in which research might be directed with profitable results.

N. R. TEMPEST.

A Bibliography of the Writings of William Harvey, M.D., discoverer of the Circulation of the Blood. By GEOFFREY KEYNES. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1928. Pp. xii+68. 21s. net.

THIS excellent piece of work will probably be regarded as of less concern to readers of *R.E.S.* than Dr. Keynes's last important bibliography, namely, that of Sir Thomas Browne. At the same time, although it deals only with three original works, and although the subject may seem somewhat alien to that of literature, the discovery of the circulation of the blood, as one of the great simplifica-

tions of science that marked its passage from mediæval to modern conceptions, had a very great influence on literature as on thought and cannot rightly be ignored by students of any branch of history.

On sentimental grounds it is perhaps to be regretted that Harvey's first and most important work, the *Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis*, 1628, should have been printed at Frankfurt and not in London, and one wishes that one knew more of the circumstances which led him to entrust it to a foreign publisher. He certainly did not get it better printed, for the book is remarkable for the number of misprints it contains—some 246 have been noted in its 38 leaves, and perhaps the suggestion of Dr. Keynes that Harvey regarded Frankfurt with its annual book fair as "a centre of learning and of science more fitted than London to receive and to appreciate a scientific announcement of such signal importance" is a sufficient explanation. The Frankfurt fair was, however, as is well known, a market for English books as well as others—was not Isaac Casaubon's treatise *De rebus sacris et ecclesiasticis* in criticism of Baronius brought to a somewhat hurried conclusion in order that it might be ready for the Easter fair of 1614? ¹ The truth seems to be that the "learning" recognised at the Court of James I was so exclusively theological that, as we learn from one of Casaubon's letters, the London publishers of the period had come to care little or nothing for works in Latin on any other subject.² It seems quite possible that Harvey may have tried to publish in London and have met with no encouragement.

The bibliographical descriptions of the editions listed are, as we should expect from Dr. Keynes, faultless, and seem to include everything that can be desired; and there are a number of excellent reproductions of title-pages, diagrams, etc., several being in collotype. The printing and get-up of the book is an admirable example of the work of the Cambridge University Press.

R. B. McK.

¹ Mark Pattison's *Casaubon*, p. 386.

² *Casaubon*, pp. 324-325.

SUMMARY OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE

BY H. WINIFRED HUSBANDS

ANGLIA, Vol. LIII. (Neue Folge XLI.), June 1929—

Textkritische Bemerkungen zu Chaucers *Kleineren Dichtungen* (John Koch), pp. 1-101.

Das "Argument" zu Shakespeares *Lucrece* (Wilhelm Marschall), pp. 102-22.

Susos Horologium Sapientiae in England nach Handschriften des 15. Jahrhunderts (Wiltrud Wichgraf), pp. 123-33.

Continued, September, pp. 269-87.

Nietzsche in englisch-amerikanischer Beurteilung bis zum Ausgang des Weltkrieges (Gertrud von Petzold), pp. 134-218.

Besondere Betonungen im englischen Vers (E. W. Scripture), pp. 219-22.

"Muchel broken harm," *Canterbury Tales*, E 1425 (F. P. Magoun), pp. 223-24.

— September —

Jottings on Old English Poems (Fr. Klaeber), pp. 225-34.

"Caedmon's *Genesis*" ? ; *Maldon* ; *Wanderer* ; *Judith* ; *Christ*.

Die Datierung der Prosastücke Chaucers (V. Langhans), pp. 235-68.

Robert Southey (Helene Richter), pp. 288-334.

Notes on *Beowulf* (Kemp Malone), pp. 335-36.

seleadenne, l. 51.

CORNHILL MAGAZINE, July 1929—

Letters to her Sister, from Elizabeth Barrett Browning—III. (ed. by Leonard Huxley), pp. 108-26.

Concluded August, pp. 243-54.

— October —

Letters of Dr. Johnson to Sir Robert Chambers (E. S. Roscoe), pp. 407-21.

ENGLISH STUDIES, Vol. 64, September 1929—

Ae. *æa* im Südostmittelenglischen und die Heimat des südlichen *Octavian* (Erna Fischer), pp. 1-19.

The Earliest English Essayists (W. L. MacDonald), pp. 20-52.

Bacon, Cornwallis, Robert Johnson and Daniel Tuvil.

SUMMARY OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE 123

ENGLISCHE STUDIEN, Vol. 64, September 1929—

Wahrheit und Wahrhaftigkeit bei Milton (Theodor Siebert), pp. 53-64.
James Thomson's Appreciation of Mountain Scenery (P. K. Das),
pp. 65-70.

ENGLISH STUDIES, Vol. XI., August 1929—

The Growth of Keats's Poetic Thought as illustrated in his Sonnets
(M. D. E. de Leve), pp. 140-43.

—October—

The Syllable (L. P. H. Eijkman), pp. 171-82.

Alleyn's player's part of Greene's *Orlando Furioso*, and the text of the
Q of 1594 (B. A. P. van Dam), pp. 182-203.

HERRIGS ARCHIV FÜR DAS STUDIUM DER NEUEREN SPRACHEN UND LITERA-
TUREN, Vol. 155 (New Series 55), June 1929—

Zur Satzperspektive im modernen Englisch (Vilém Mathesius),
pp. 202-10.

Ae. *īō* (Wilhelm Horn), p. 249.

Got. *alabalstrau* und ne. *alabaster* "Alabaster" (Wilhelm Horn),
p. 249.

Frz. *oi* in Lehnwörtern des Neuenglischen.

—Vol. 156 (New Series 56), September—

The Deceyte of Women : älteste englische Novellensammlung (1547)
(Friedrich Brie), pp. 17-52.

With reprint of text.

Zu dem mitttelenglischen Hymnus auf Maria und Christus (F. Holt-
hausen), pp. 89-90.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH AND GERMANIC PHILOLOGY, Vol. XXVIII., July
1929—

Is the Use of *wesan* in the Periphrastic Actional Passive in the Ger-
manic Languages due to Latin Influence ? (A. J. F. Zieglschmid),
pp. 360-65.

Some Extra-Biblical Semitic Influences upon Milton's Story of the
Fall of Man (E. C. Baldwin), pp. 366-401.

Lessing and Lee (P. P. Kies), pp. 402-9.
Das befreite Rom and *Lucius Junius Brutus*.

LIBRARY, Vol. X., September 1929—

The Extent of Literacy in England in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth
Centuries (J. W. Adamson), pp. 163-93.

LIFE AND LETTERS, Vol. III., July 1929—

The Dedication of Early English Plays (W. J. Lawrence), pp. 30-44.

LONDON MERCURY, Vol. XX., August 1929—

Matthew Arnold and America (J. B. Orrick), pp. 389-97.

Cowley's *Plantarum Libri Duo*: A Presentation Copy (John Sparrow), pp. 398-99.

Lamb and George Dawe: A Postscript (Katharine A. Esdaile), pp. 400-04.

Keats and Catullus (R. N. Green-Armytage), p. 413.

—October—

Henry James and the Theatre (H. M. Walbrook), pp. 612-16.

—Vol. XXI., November—

Allan Ramsay (J. R. Young), pp. 26-36.

MODERN LANGUAGE NOTES, Vol. XLIV., November 1929—

The Text and Editions of Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique* (R. H. Wagner), pp. 421-28.

Superiority of 1553 text.

An Emendation of *As You Like It*, II. vii. 73 (S. A. Tannenbaum), pp. 428-30.

Tamburlaine: the Cholerick Man (C. Camden), pp. 30-35.

Shakespeare's Use of Golding in *Venus and Adonis* (Hazelton Spencer), pp. 435-37.Bycorne-Bygorne, Husband of Chichevache (R. J. Menner), pp. 455-57.
Note on origin of name.

MODERN LANGUAGE REVIEW, Vol. XXIV., October 1929—

Middle English "Ord and Ende" (C. T. Onions), pp. 389-93.

The Trojan Legend in England. II. (A. E. Parsons), pp. 394-408.

Sir Walter Scott and the Sagas: Some Notes (Edith C. Batho), pp. 409-15.

John Skelton and the New Learning (L. J. Lloyd), pp. 445-46.

English Impressions in Dingelstedt's *Wanderschaft* (Gerald W. Spink), pp. 461-63.

MODERN PHILOLOGY, Vol. XXVII., August 1929—

A Scribe of Chaucer (Eleanor P. Hammond), pp. 27-33.

Methods of work.

Christ's College and the Latitude-Men (Marjorie Nicolson), pp. 35-53.

Bunyan's Valley of the Shadow (Harold Golder), pp. 55-72.

The Early Reviews of Shelley (George L. Marsh), pp. 73-95.

A Finding List of Anglo-Latin Anthologies (Leicester Bradner), pp. 97-102.

Documents and Records (Florence E. White), pp. 123-28.

Chaucer's Shipman (concluded).

SUMMARY OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE 125

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER, Vol. CVI., August 1929—

Scots Poetry To-day (Lewis Spence), pp. 253-68.

Another View, by C. M. Grieve (Hugh McDiarmid), October, pp. 534-44.

— September—

Wordsworth's Green Linnet (Walter Garstang), pp. 375-82.

Coleridge and Imagination (Irving Babbitt), pp. 383-98.

NOTES AND QUERIES, Vol. 157, August 10, 1929—

A Caroline Theatrical Fraud (J. E. Bentley), pp. 94-5.

False warrant as "his Majesty's servant."

"Bookbinder" (L. G.).

Occurrence earlier than recorded in *N.E.D.*

Timotheus in Dryden's St. Cecilia Ode (L. R. M. Strachan), p. 103.

— September 7—

Scott and the Name Waverley (V. R.), p. 165.

Evidence of visit to Waverley Abbey.

"Et" in English Place-Names (Alfred Anscombe), pp. 165-68.

Further note, October 26, p. 291.

— September 14—

"You and I" for "You and me" (V. R.), pp. 187-88.

— September 28—

"Cobber" (Henry Bateson), p. 224.

Origin of word.

— October 12—

The Whitewashing of King John by Shakespeare (F. P. Barnard), pp. 255-57.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury's *De Veritate* (Harold Williams), p. 261.

Bibliographical note.

— October 19—

Browning's Vocabulary (B. W. A. M.), pp. 273-75.

Use of words earlier than recorded in *N.E.D.* Continued October 26, pp. 292-93.

REVUE ANGLO-AMÉRICAIN, Vol. VI., August 1929—

A propos d'une image des Essais de Bacon (P. Baratier), pp. 530-31.

Of *Judicature*, and the case "de Rege inconsulto."

— Vol. VII., October—

Mr. W. B. Yeats as a dramatist (Th. McGreevy), pp. 19-36.

Histoire d'un mot et de ses pérégrinations : biche-de-mer (F. Mossé), pp. 37-49.

L'Henry V de Shakespeare interprété par Barbey d'Aureville (P. Yvon), pp. 50-54.

Du nouveau sur Richardson (Documents inédits) (P. Dottin), pp. 55-59.

STUDIES IN PHILOLOGY, Vol. XXVI., July 1929—

- Coleridge and "Asra" (Thomas M. Raysor), pp. 305-24.
 Richard Steele and the Status of Women (Rae Blanchard), pp. 325-55.
 The Early Stage of Cartesianism in England (Marjorie Nicolson), pp. 356-74.
 What was Chaucer's Aim in the *Knight's Tale*? (J. R. Hulbert), pp. 375-85.
 Towneley, York, and True-Coventry (Frank W. Cady), pp. 386-400.
 The First Editions of Home's *Douglas* (Dougald MacMillan), pp. 401-9.

— October —

- A Plea for the Study of the Corpus Christi Plays as Drama (George R. Coffman), pp. 411-24.
 The Original Music for Beaumont's Play, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (Edwin S. Lindsey), pp. 425-43.
 Wordsworth and William Fleetwood's *Sermons* (Abbie F. Potts), pp. 444-56.
 Burns's Last Years (Franklyn B. Snyder), pp. 457-69.
 Mr. Graydon's *Defense of Criseyde* (Joseph M. Beatty, Jr.), pp. 470-81.
 On the Dating of Spenser's "Mutability" Cantos (Evelyn M. Albright), pp. 482-98.
 The Topography of Dekker's *The Shoemaker's Holiday* (W. K. Chandler), pp. 499-504.

TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT, August 1, 1929—

- Nature in Medieval Poetry, pp. 597-98.
 A Shakespearian Test (C. L. Quinton), p. 608.
 Mention of hautbois in stage directions.
 The Bohn Edition of Milton's Prose (James Goode), p. 608.
 Important errors in text.
 A Shakespeare Allusion (G. Crosse), p. 608.
 In Deloney's *Pleasant Historie of John Winchcomb*, 1597.

— August 8 —

- William Collins (H. W. Garrod), p. 624.
 Note on the *Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands*. Further notes by E. Blunden and H. W. Garrod, August 29, p. 637.
 Survival of Heroic Names (David C. Douglas), p. 624.
 Names of peasantry at the end of the eleventh century.

— August 15 —

- Dryden and Artificial Tragedy, pp. 629-30.
 Dr. Johnson, Dr. Bridges and the B. B. C. (R. W. Chapman), p. 637.

TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT, August 22—

- Newman's Copy of *The Christian Year* (Arthur J. Hawkes), p. 652.
 Roscius Anglicanus (Roswell G. Ham), p. 652.
 Authorship of *A Trial of the Poets for the Bays*.
 Shakespeare's Coat of Arms (S. A. Tannenbaum), p. 652.
 Benlowes and Milton (Hibernicus), p. 652.
 Untraced Quotations in Wordsworth (Marion H. Addington), p. 652.
 Parallel with Charles Churchill's *Independence*.
 Diocletian's Cabbages (C. R. Lias), p. 652.
 Note on the *Decline and Fall*, ch. xiii.

— August 29—

- Richard Steele, pp. 657-58.
 R.L.S. and Mrs. MacMorland (W. G. Lockett), p. 668.
 Further note by Frank Miller, September 19, p. 723.

— September 5—

- Wordsworth and his Daughter (J. B. MacGillivray), p. 684.
 Financial assistance after Annette's marriage.
Twelfth Night, I. i. 8 (Harry T. Baker), p. 684.
 Reply by M. C. Fenton, September 12, p. 704.

— September 12—

- The Problems of Hamlet (A. Y. Campbell), p. 704.
 Note on I. iv.
 Captain Carleton (A. W. Secord), p. 704.
 Defoe's indebtedness to other writers. Replies by C. H. Hartmann,
 September 19, p. 723; Harold Williams, September 26, pp. 746-47.
 Shakespeare and Chapman (Percy Allen), p. 704.
 References in *Hymnus in Noctem*. Reply by A. S. Ferguson, September 19,
 p. 723; rejoinder by Percy Allen, September 26, p. 747.

— September 26—

- A Restoration Opera Problem (W. J. Lawrence), p. 737.
 Evidence that the "Italian opera" seen by Evelyn on January 5, 1673-4
 was *Ariane*.
 Shakespeare's Puns on "Bonds" (Evelyn M. Albright), p. 746.
 Reply by J. Dover Wilson, October 3, p. 766.

— October 3—

- A Missing Autograph of Shakespeare (G. E. Manwaring), p. 766.
 The Parham House copy of Florio's Montaigne. Note by C. R. Haines,
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Error in recorded date of birth.

ber 24.